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LOVE'S ARCHERY.

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One day, when Love was young, he strayed
Beside a rippling river;
His bow across his arm was strung,
Upon his back his quiver;
As on he tripped a gentle maid
Came near the little ranger,
But noticed him no more than tho'
To him she was a stranger.

Love smiled, and bowed—surprised, said she,
"Pray tell me, sir, who are you?
I doubt if I have ever known
And think I never saw you!"
"Accept," said Love—"sweet maid, my card,
If you have no objection."
"Cupid! strange name! I'm sure it has
Escaped my recollection!"

An odd, queer smile the God of Love
Proceeded then to give her—
And took a golden arrow out
From others in his quiver:
Then drew his bow and cried the while,
(His face suffused with laughter)
He pierced the gentle maiden's heart—
"We're strangers not hereafter!" J. H. B.

THE DYING DANCER.

SCENE IN THE BALLET ROOM. See story of "SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS," now being published in the CLIPPER.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

[As the extra edition of the CLIPPER containing the opening chapters of the powerfully written story was inadequate to supply the demand, for the benefit of those who failed to secure copies of our last week's issue we herewith present a brief synopsis of the introductory portion of the prologue, a perusal of which is necessary to a proper understanding of the story.]

PROLOGUE.

On a raw morning in November two men sat over a blazing fire in the manager's room of one of the leading London theatres. One was a tall, dark, sinister-looking man, elaborately gotten up, scrupulously neat, and with hair and whiskers of a suspicious blackness. He styled himself "Adrian Wortley," and he was the manager of the Royal Albert, though it was mysteriously hinted that he had no right to the name under which he was known, and malicious people declared that he was a Jew foundling, had been educated by charity and that he had during his youth been very familiar with more than one stone mansion not built for the occupancy of the innocent. He had commenced his theatrical career as a call-boy, and rose step by step until he had attained his present position—a fact he paraded with pertinacity. His companion was of an opposite appearance—short, stout and repulsive-looking, with unkempt hair and a coarse, fat face. This was Mr. Barton, who for two or three years prior to the opening of our story had held the post of secretary and acting manager to Mr. Wortley. Nothing further was known of him, and he was looked upon by the employees of the theatre as the manager's spy. The apartment was luxuriously furnished—rich curtains shaded the windows, a soft carpet covered the floor, and costly engravings adorned the walls, while double doors answered two purposes. The occupants were engaged in a desultory conversation over *ballet* matters, which was terminated by an arrival which the manager had been impatiently expecting for half an hour. The new comers were a sylph-like young girl, with faultlessly moulded features, clear blue eyes and hair of a beautiful and rare golden hue, falling in curls about her shoulders. She was richly attired, and an immense sum had been expended upon her in the way of precious gems. She was one of those *petite* fair creatures who never seem over-dressed, no matter what amount of decorations is lavished upon them, but the mind which lights ugliness into beauty was lacking in her face. Her name was Madeline Lennox, and she was the "friend" of the cavalier by her side, Lord Loraine—a gentleman past his youth, with a face—a handsome one—which was marred by traces of years of dissipation—who furnished the money to keep up the elegant establishment Madeline called her own. The lord was beginning to tire of this drain upon his finances, and in order to relieve himself thereof had adroitly flattered her vanity until she was inspired with a belief that she possessed genius and talent of a very superior order. The object of their present visit to Manager Wortley was to effect an opening at his theatre, for which he was to receive a good round sum. After apologizing for delay, Lord Loraine withdrew, telling Madeline to call at "Haynes'" for him when she came out. Barton attended him to his carriage, and the manager and young lady were left alone. She had set her heart on making her *debut* in something very nice and pretty, with a handsome dress and "my hair all down, which I once did in a *ballet*, and had such thunders of applause," and because Lord Loraine had told her she was "exactly like Juliet," she insisted upon making her *entree* in tragedy, in the *role* of this Shakespearean creation. All attempts of the manager to dissuade her from the arduous task were unavailing, and willing to humor her, in view of the emolument to be derived, he consented, and it was arranged that she should begin rehearsal the following Thursday. As the manager held open the door for her to pass out, they discovered a slight girl seated on a bench, clad in deep mourning, coarse in texture, but neatly made and fitting well to her fine figure. She raised her head at the sound of the opening door, and looked up, her pale face flushing at the presence of the manager. He started as he looked at her, and Madeline Lennox shrank back with a little cry. The resemblance between the two girls as they stood there, so widely different in position, so opposite in dress and manner, was perfectly bewildering. The hair of the new comer was a shade darker than the golden curls of Mr. Wortley's *protege*, and her eyes, instead of being blue, were dark and liquid, speaking of mind within. The manager now remembered that he had an appointment with another young lady for the same hour as that made with Miss Lennox, and this he rightly presumed was the person—a circumstance which increased the strangeness of the coincidence. Requesting her to enter the apartment, he waited upon Madeline to her carriage, bewildered by the wonderful similarity, and thinking that perhaps they were twin sisters unknown to each other. As Margaret Ross, for such was the name of the last comer, seated herself, she mentally ejaculated, "Oh, father, father! what command is this you have laid upon me? Would that you had died with your secret rather than sold it to your unhappy child! London—and I alone here! No Aunt Ellen, no Willie, nothing but strange hard faces that would look at me with mockery and aversion, perhaps, did they know who I am—what my mother is! Oh, how can I go upon the stage here, and perhaps see her face, as I saw it once, glaring at me when I was a little child—oh, I shall never forget that day—never, never!" and was so soliloquizing as Mr. Wortley hurried in. She drew a letter from her pocket and handed it to him. It was an introductory note from Mr. Gower, manager of a small theatre at Camperton, where Miss Ross had appeared in the *ballet* for sometning over a year, and had also played several minor parts. It spoke in high terms of her character and talents and included a request to Mr. Wortley to assist her in any way that lay in his power. The manager concluded to give her a trial in the *ballet*, and she was escorted by Hicks, a servant, to the *ballet* master's room, Wortley first cautioning her to be careful not to offend M'lle Dolores, the *premiere danseuse* of the establishment, whom he characterized as an incarnate fiend, but as she drew he retained her services. She was to receive fifteen shillings a week, to be increased to a pound when she reached the "front row." On her way she encountered Barton, just returning from seeing Miss Lennox in her brougham. He was thunderstruck, and, as the new *ballet* lady and her guide passed out of sight, he exclaimed:—"Two girls exactly alike. Come to the same theatre, on the same day, on pretty much the same errand. I've seen them, or one of them, somewhere. They're the very image of the Countess of Lorton. The family group; if those girls oughtn't to form part of it, likenesses go for nothing. There was some romance about that marriage, too. I'll find it out." Hicks found the *ballet* master, Mr. Schrime, engaged in an animated discussion with Mademoiselle Dolores, who was in a terrible passion about the spoiling of her business by a pack of novices. She was a very elegantly formed woman, lovely as a houri in the glare of the footlights; but, seen by daylight, her face was of a coarse, sensual stamp. She had a wealth of glossy black hair, large flashing eyes, well defined eyebrows, and pearly white teeth—natural qualifications establishing her claim to be considered a beautiful woman. The old *maitre* told Margaret that he had done with the ladies for the day, but that he would talk with her upon business at ten o'clock next morning. Upon learning that she was a perfect stranger in the metropolis, he interested himself kindly in her behalf, procured her lodgings at the house of a respectable woman and took her there himself—a proceeding giving deep offence to Dolores. Madeline called, as requested, for Lord Loraine, and as he drove away with his fair but frail friend, the titled loungers' late companions gazed after them, and indulged in comments upon the young lady and her approaching *debut*, praising her beauty but ridiculing her high-strung ideas of making a sensation as a tragedy queen. The youngest of the party remarked that she bore a striking resemblance to Lady Lorton—a living image, in fact. This elicited an uncomplimentary remark from another of the party, Granton, who said Madeline was strangely like a drunken drab who was one day brought up in Bow street—a night case, drunk and disorderly. Equally strange, Lord Lorton was there that morning and recognized her as a former maid of his wife's. Lady Lorton was formerly daughter of a country lawyer whom Lorton's father used to employ. Lord Harold fell in love with her beauty and wanted to marry her, but the match was broken off by the old gentleman. Her father died, leaving her without a penny, and she had to go out to governess work, when suddenly news came of the demise of a rich relative in India or America, leaving Laura Carson a perfect mine of wealth. This removed, the barrier and Harold and Laura were shortly afterward married—a very opportune arrangement for the Lortons, whose exchequer was very low at the time. This information was given sarcastically by Major Banks, a tall, aristocratic looking man, with a remarkble scar on his forehead, which disfigured his otherwise handsome face—the scar of a cut which the Major never cared to speak about. There was a mysterious story whispered about of Banks having run away with some other man's wife some eighteen or twenty years before, after which he went away to Canada, and the affair was forgotten, but some drunken wretch, thought to be the same woman, assaulted him the night of the second *fete* at Cremorne and inflicted the scar mentioned. She was only a servant, and in appearance was the exact counterpart of the present Lady Lorton.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEBUTANTE—LORD AND LADY LORTON—OLD MEMORIES—THE LIKENESS AGAIN—WAITING FOR THE BALLET—THE OTHER ONE.

Days and weeks passed on, and London hoardings and suburban blank walls bore in gigantic letters of all the colors of the rainbow, and all the shapes into which man's ingenuity could twist the alphabet, the announcement of the appearance of a *debutante* at the Royal Albert Theatre. The name of Miss Madeline Lennox stared all London in the face, and the papers vied with each other in ecstacies on her personal beauty and her talent.

Reports of all kinds were floating about in all classes of society respecting this wondrous beauty, every one agreeing, as it seemed, on that particular point. Some said she was the scion of a noble house, with a romantic passion for the stage and Mr. Wortley, others that she was a dancer who had commenced her career in a showman's booth.

Almost the last to arrive on the evening of the performance were a party who had early taken one of the best boxes. They were evidently people of note, by the respectful attention shown them by the box keeper, who ushered them in with many obsequious bows, and bustled about officiously with clean bills, and every attention he could think of.

"There, that will do," said the gentleman who escorted the party. "Sit down, Laura, it is almost time for the curtain to draw up."

"Come and sit here, Aggy," said the lady addressed as Laura, and who looked hardly old enough to be the mother of the beautiful girl, who stepped forward to a chair in front of the box, closely followed by a bright-eyed, handsome boy of about twelve.

Her mother she was, however, and eight-and-thirty years old to boot, though her fair hair and brilliant complexion made her look like her dark-haired daughter's elder sister. The young lady looked older than her sixteen years; she was tall and womanly in appearance, and resembled her father. She was not "out" yet, but rumors were already rife about her beauty, which, it was predicted, would be the sensation of the next season. Whispers began to circulate that the countess of Lorton had brought her daughter to the theatre, and every eye, that is, every fashionable eye, sought their box to gaze at the "new beauty," who sat all unconscious of the admiration she was exciting.

She was very simply dressed in a white India muslin, which fell in graceful folds about her, and a necklace of pearls hung about her neck. Her hair was turned off her face, and fell in glossy curls on her shoulders, and was kept back by a single row of pearls, matching her necklace in size and purity. Her mother wore a dress of rich blue moire with a black lace mantilla, which contrasted admirably with her fair hair and clear complexion. Diamonds sparkled among her glossy braids, and on her neck and arms, and many a one who saw her remembered that they never had seen Lady Lorton look so radiant.

"You are a lucky fellow, Lorton. You have the handsomest wife and the most lovely daughter in all England; to say nothing of his young lordship yonder."

"I have the best wife, Thorley," replied the earl, with a half sigh. "The most loving, the most true. I would give my life to make Laura happy."

"Make her happy!" echoed his friend. "You have no skeleton cupboards in your house, I hope?"

"No," replied the earl, with a smile. "We have no such grim monster at our fireside. We have no skeleton, but we have a painful remembrance of the past. Some day or other I may tell you. I don't know what made me think of it to-night, but I have had it strangely before me ever since I entered the theatre. See, there goes the curtain; now for the much-talked-of Juliet."

They settled themselves to look and listen; the gentleman whom his lordship had addressed as Thorley wondering much what had happened that was painful in his life. He had known him nearly a year before his wedding; had stood beside him at the altar when he had married Lady Lorton, to whom he had been long attached; had been the intimate friend of the family ever since, and had never heard of any one single thing which could have caused him any unhappiness.

"What can it be?" he said to himself. "They have always seemed to me a perfect miracle of a happy couple. Painful remembrances! Something must have happened to them while I was abroad, surely."

There was no time for pondering now, however, the bustle of the stage had commenced, the maskers were assembling in the house of the Capulets, Romeo and his friends had entered, and a burst of expectant applause greeted Juliet's answer to the summons which brings her forth.

"How now? Who calls?" said a sweet, gentle voice—a voice which made the Earl of Lorton start, and the countess turn pale and lean forward in hushed anticipation, for it seemed the very echo of her own.

Another moment, and Juliet stood before the crowded assembly, a vision of youthful beauty such as rarely appears upon the stage. Her glorious loveliness took every one by surprise; and again and again, as the acclamations died away, they rose and thundered afresh. The flush of gratified pride rose to the cheeks of Madeline Lennox at her flattering reception, and her blue eyes sparkled with triumph as she bent her acknowledgments of the admiration she excited. Lord Lorton's companion rose from his seat and raised his opera glass, but he started as she entered, and an exclamation of surprise fell from his lips.

"What a strange resemblance," he said, turning to his companion.

But Lord Lorton was bending over his wife, who had turned ashy pale, and was gazing at the slight figure—which was curtseying behind the footlights—with distended eyes and a terrified face.

"Mamma, mamma, what is the matter?" asked Lady Agnes.

"What is it, Laura?" said his lordship. "Are you ill?"

"No, no," she gasped, clutching the edge of the box with her delicate hand. "Look there!"

Lord Lorton looked; he had scarcely noticed Juliet's entrance, his wife's apparent illness had so alarmed him, but now he followed her glance, and saw what seemed to him the very reflection of herself. Yes, the Juliet of the night, the *debutante* of the Albert Theatre, was the living image of the Laura Carson he had led to the altar eighteen years before.

"Do you see?" said her lady-ship, in a hoarse whisper. "Look at her, Harold, that is my child!"

"Hush, hush!" said the earl, laying his hand upon her arm. "Remember where we are. Draw back a little, and try to be calm. The grave cannot give up the dead, Laura; remember, remember!" and he looked anxiously around, fearful lest the excitement of his companion should attract attention.

"Do you see?" she repeated, "try and calm yourself."

"I will, I will, but if you love me, Harold, find out who that girl is. You will, will you not?"

"I will do anything, only be calm," Lord Lorton replied. "Would you like to leave?"

"No, no, I will stay. Look at her, does not your heart speak as mine does?"

"It is so utterly impossible," he replied, "but the likeness is miraculous. I will go down between the acts and see Wortley, and get all the information I can about the girl."

"I never saw anything so extraordinary," said his lordship's friend. "It's just what your wife was when you married her, Lorton. I should like to know who she is."

"Laura has the same curiosity, and I am going down to get it gratified for her."

"You will find out, I daresay. There goes the curtain. I will take care of your family while you go down. You are not going to stay any longer, I suppose."

"No; Laura doesn't care for the *ballet*. I shan't be many minutes. She won't leave till I come back, I know."

"You'll come back with a perfect budget of managerial secrets, I expect; how the young lady's name is Sally Snooks, or Ann Smith, or something of that sort."

"I expect something of the sort, I confess," replied Lord Lorton, as he went out.

"Are we going to stay, mamma?" asked Lady Agnes.

"No, my dear, we are only waiting for you papa."

"Then I hope he won't come till it's all over," said her brother impetuously. "I want to see the *ballet*."

The curtain drew up as he spoke, disclosing a pretty moonlight scene, with groups of fairies with their gauzy dresses and glittering wings in various attitudes scattered about. Into the centre of this came Mademoiselle Dolores, with her flashing black eyes and luxuriant hair, to execute one of those dances she so excelled in. As she commenced Lord Lorton returned.

"The carriage is waiting, Laura," he said.

"Oh, do stay a minute," exclaimed his son, as a bevy of fair girls advanced to the front in a pretty group.

His lordship paused a moment; he was struck with the artistic arrangement of the picture before him, which was really very pretty. Dolores executing some tasteful and fantastic figure, now covered with a veil of lace, so fine it looked almost like a piece of fairy gossamer—now throwing it off, and holding it in her hands in some graceful *pose*. Presently she beckoned to one of her attendant fays with a queenly air to come and take it, and a fair girl of fresh and radiant beauty stepped forward for the purpose.

The countess half rose from her seat, and pointing to the slight graceful figure, exclaimed, with a half shriek:—

"The other, the other!" and sank fainting at his feet.

CHAPTER V.

BOUQUETS AND COMPLIMENTS—LORD LORTON—MA'AMSELLE'S FOIL—MARY GRANT—THE DRESSING ROOM—THE END OF THE BALLET.

The new Juliet's appearance proved a complete success, and Mr. Wortley congratulated himself on the prospect of an overflowing house for several weeks. Miss Lennox became at once the fashion; and, as he had predicted, the stage door was besieged to see her go in and out, and presents, bouquets and letters flowed in unceasingly. Lord Loraine, too, was delighted at the success of his scheme—Madeline would soon find other amusements and occupations, the house in St. John's Wood would pass into other hands, and the "connection" which had been so expensive, would come to an end without any unpleasant *eclat*. He was the first to go round and offer his congratulations.

"You have surpassed even my expectations," he said, as she came off the stage laden with bouquets.

"And mine," said Mr. Wortley, who followed her, his hands similarly occupied with floral treasures.

Madeline Lennox simpered and curtsied in gratified vanity, as she listened to the compliments showered upon her. She was on perfectly good terms with herself, and from that moment fancied herself the greatest actress London had ever seen.

"Really, gentlemen," she replied, "you are overwhelming; but I am tired. Excuse me till I am dressed."

She drew the cloak which her dresser had thrown over her shoulders closer about her, and turned away. The stage was cleared for the ballet, and as she crossed it, closely followed by the manager and Lord Loraine, she started and shivered.

"You are cold," said Mr. Wortley. "You have been standing in a draught. I should have insisted on your leaving the stage immediately."

He adjusted her mantle as he spoke, but she turned upon him pettishly.

"I'm not cold," she replied, in an irritated tone. "It's not that; it's that girl there that you would engage. The very sight of her makes me shiver. I always feel as if there was something in her life bound up as it were with my own."

"Do you know her?"

"I've seen her," she replied shortly, "long ago. I don't like her; I'm afraid of her, somehow."

"You are over excited," Mr. Wortley said. "You will get over these little fancies in time. I cannot spare one beauty out of my establishment, and though no one could look at or think of her while you were by, Margaret Ross is undeniably beautiful."

Beautiful indeed! Lord Loraine looked at the girl the manager spoke of, and from her to Madeline Lennox in utter amazement. Margaret was in a fairy dress, which fell about her in soft white folds; wings trembled at her back of some silvery tissue, which trembled in the gaslight with a thousand sparkles; her silky hair hung loose and [illegible] instructions, for she was to take a somewhat prominent part in the ballet, and the two formed as complete a contrast.

"Dolores says Ross will be a capital foil for her," said Mr. Wortley to Lord Loraine, in a low tone.

"She'll be something *more* than a foil," said his lordship. Is this her *debut*?"

"If one can talk of the *debut* of a ballet girl," was the answer; "it is her first appearance."

They had gained the door of Juliet's dressing room, which the manager opened for her obsequiously. She entered, looking decidedly cross. Her vanity was hurt that any one, much less a ballet girl, should have attracted anybody's attention when she was by, and her maid, whose duty it was to flatter as well as dress her, found her post no sinecure that night. The gentlemen turned away, and talked in whispers about the business part of that night's success, Lord Loraine evidently impressing something upon his companion.

"There'll be no difficulty about it, my lord," the manager remarked. "There'll be hundreds ready to lay their fortunes at her feet in a week. She'll do it all herself if you let her alone. Well, Hicks, what is it?"

Hicks was dodging about at a respectful distance, with something in his hand.

"A gentleman, sir. Wishes to see you immediate."

"Tell him I'm engaged. Who is it?"

Hicks presented a card.

"Hum, Lord Lorton," said Mr. Wortley. "Perhaps he wants to be your successor, my lord, in the good graces of our Juliet. He's rich, isn't he?"

"As Crœsus; but he's a pattern husband, I believe," Lord Loraine replied, with a disagreeable laugh. "He has no small vices. There, don't apologise, you can talk to me another time."

Mr. Wortley went his way, and Lord Loraine waited with what patience he might, the conclusion of Madeline's toilet.

Meantime the ballet went on, and the audience applauded and admired, for they thought the fairies prettier than ever; and Mademoiselle Dolores curtesied and simpered at the enthusiasm with which she was greeted, nor imagined that half of it was intended for the beautiful girl at her side, whose fair loveliness she had selected to show up her own dark charms.

Mary Grant was there, too; the girl of whom Mr. Wortley and his secretary had spoken on the day when Margaret Ross and Madeline Lennox had had their first interview with their future manager. She had been better since then, stronger, in one of those deceitful pauses which consumption so often makes on its downward road, and they had allowed her to stay on from week to week. They knew the value of her beauty, for she was very lovely.

Paint and powder will conceal the ravages of illness sometimes, and poor Grant's lustrous eyes sparkled still, and her wavy brown hair fell to her knees in a rippling shower, and elicited the warm plaudits of admiring crowds, notwithstanding the shadow of an open grave which hung over her young life.

Never had she looked so lovely, or danced so well; even ma'amselle, usually so contemptuous in her manner to her inferiors, condescended to aprove of her exertions. Margaret Ross marked the heaving chest and the trembling limbs, and saw the color fade from her face and neck, till the rouge on her cheeks stood out in pitiable contrast to her white lips.

"You are very tired," she said gently.

"Yes, yes," gasped the poor girl. "I shall never dance again."

She clutched the wing as she spoke, and but for Margaret's supporting arm would have fallen.

"Oh, don't talk like that," she replied, cheerily "Let us get up stairs. It's over for to-night, thank goodness. I was horribly nervous. I'm very tired too, but I'm stronger than you. I'll soon be ready and then I'll dress you. Come along, that's it."

Poor Mary Grant was glad of the assistance, and she moved slowly towards the stairs.

"You are a good soul, Margaret Ross," she said as they began to ascend, "too good for this place. Don't you come to it if you can help it; remember that I told you of it and warned you."

"Come to what?" asked Margaret, startled at the eagerness with which she spoke.

"To what they all are," she replied, her face flushing. "To what I should have been long before now had I been healthy and strong like you. Illness scares every one away, admirers first of all!"

"Hush, hush!" said Margaret. "Don't talk, sit down quite still till I am ready. I'll take you home, Mary, if you let me."

"Let you?" said the poor girl. "I've no host of attendants waiting for me, Margaret. No fine home for me, only my dear sorrowing mother and my poor patient sister. Oh, what will they do when I am gone, when I have danced my last in this fearful place?"

Margaret was frightened at her manner, but she made no answer, and they entered the hot noisy, dressing room as she spoke, where a score of girls were divesting themselves of their stage attire, and talking with all the strength of their tongues at the same time.

"Oh, here they are," exclaimed a coarse looking girl, as they entered. "My, ain't you late, just. Have you picked up a sweetheart, Ross, that you have stopped down among those dingy old wings so long?"

"I stayed to help Miss Grant," said Margaret, closing the door; "she's very ill to-night."

The girls made way for them, for there was something in Mary Grant's face which could not be mistaken, and the only chair in the room was pushed forward for her, the occupier plumping herself on the floor without a word.

Ballet girls are a good hearted race, kind to one another in a rough sort of way, and there was not one who would not have helped their sick companion had they known how. She sank exhausted into the chair, and Margaret, with gentle tact, took up her position in front of her, so as to shield her from their eyes as much as possible.

She held a glass towards her as she spoke, but the poor girl shrank back with a shudder from the smell of the fiery cheap spirit.

"No, no," she said faintly, "water."

"Water," said another, going to a pitcher in a corner of the room. "I declare there isn't a drop, and the dresser is no one knows where. It's a shame—we have to do as we can up here, and that fine madame down stairs, with her brougham and her livery servants, has a dozen people to wait on her. I'll get some water Grant, dear, as soon as I can scuffle on my things."

She dressed herself rapidly, and started on her errand, while the girl who had proffered the gin began to undo the fastening of the poor girl's dress and to remove her wings.

"I know where I could get a bottle of wine in a minute," she said, "if it would do her any good."

"Oh, from that student of yours," said another, who was untying the sandals of the almost insensible girl. "Don't be too sure he could afford it, he don't look like it."

"His credit's good for that much, any way," was the retort. "He's a good hearted chap, and you'd be glad of such a catch, Ellis, with all your airs. He's going to marry me some day, when he's started. We're true to each other, girls, and mean to be, for all your sneers, and it's better to be a poor fellow's wife than a lord's mistress, any day."

"I'm not so sure of that," muttered Ellis *sotto voce*. She would have had no great objection to fill Madeline Lennox's place. Poor girl, tainted as she was with the life around her, her heart was warm still, and genuine tears filled her eyes, as she looked upon the pale face of their poor companion.

"Ellis will stoop to nothing under a coronet," chimed in another. "She won't go in for the garret and cotton umbrella style of admiration."

"Lords are all very well when you can get 'em, but I rather suspect my admirer would be of more use to-night than all the lords in creation. I'll go down to him and make him stand some sherry. Would that do her any good do you think, Ross?"

"Yes," replied Margaret in alarm, as poor Mary's head fell heavily on her arm. "She's fainting!"

The girl bounded off as her companion entered with the pitcher of water, followed by the ballet-master.

"Can I come in, young ladies?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," they replied, hastily covering poor Mary, who was partially undressed. "Grant's very ill; Mr. Schrime."

He came forward and put his hand on the wrist of the insensible girl.

"Good heavens," he said, "she looks like death!"

"I am going home with her," said Margaret, "as soon as she is ready."

"That's a good girl," he replied. "I'll get a cab for you. Get off as quietly as you can, Mr. Wortley might be annoyed if there was any fuss."

"Any fuss!" said the girl they called Ellis, in a bitter tone. "Who would make a fuss about a *ballet* girl? We might go out of the theatre and die in the street yonder if we had but done our work, and if the manager had to step over our bodies to get out it would neither pale his cheek nor spoil his supper."

"Gently, my dear, gently," said Mr. Schrime. "Mr. Wortley is not so hard-hearted as all that."

He stopped with a terrified exclamation, and at the same moment Mr. Wortley appeared in the doorway, and a shriek of horror rose from the frightened girls.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW CAUSE OF TERROR—FEELING AND OSTENTATION—WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?—LOWER THE BRIDGE—HOME—DROP THE CURTAIN.

Well might Mr. Schrime exclaim, and the terrified girls shriek, for the blood was pouring from Mary Grant's mouth, and staining her gauze dress with a terrible dye.

"Oh! what shall we do?" they exclaimed in a frightened chorus, huddling together in terror at the sight. "Is she dying?"

"Not necessarily so," said the ballet-master; "but this is very serious."

Margaret Ross was the only one who preserved her composure; the others made the fuss that ignorant people will in any calamity, crowding round the poor girl, to the exclusion of the little air that could be obtained in the close heated room, willing to help, yet not being able to see the means, or seize the right opportunity. She was very pale, but perfectly collected, and lent what assistance she could to the ballet-master.

"Thank you, my dear," he said, when they had lowered the poor girl to the floor, and had her flat down. "You have your senses about you, I see; lower still with her head; that's it! Now, what's to be done? The nearest doctor should be fetched."

"He would have been fetched *long* ago," muttered one of the girls, "to any room but this."

"Hicks is gone," said Mr. Wortley, stepping forward. "I sent him directly I heard of it. He will be here directly."

He had not heard the observation of the last speaker, and he had stood for the last few moments looking on with a curious mixture of feelings. Annoyance at the occurrence was certainly uppermost, and he wished he had got rid of Grant when it was first proposed. Then came fear of what people would say of a manager who could let one of his company die under his eyes, almost on the stage.

"It's very unlucky," he observed to the ballet master. "I had no idea of anything of this sort."

That was a fib. He had known it ever so long, but it would not do to admit it.

"Miss Grant has so much depending on her, poor girl," replied Mr. Schrime. "Most women would have laid up long ago. But her mother is a widow in feeble health and she has a crippled sister. They are almost dependent on her, poor girl."

A thought struck Mr. Wortley; he would be magnanimous and benevolent, and then people could say nothing; he would heap all kindnesses on poor Grant now, and then no one would be able to speak ill of him or his establishment.

"She will have to be taken home," he said to the girls. "Where does she live?"

"In King Street, Bloomsbury," said Margaret Ross, looking up.

"Do you know her friends?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you had better go off and tell them. There, take a cab," he continued; putting some money into her hand. "What are we to do, Schrime? Oh, here's the doctor."

A pale, flurried looking young man, breathless with ascending the crooked stairs, came hastily into the room. He looked curiously about him, all unused to such a scene, and hardly knowing whom to address. The girls made way for him and Mr. Wortley spoke to him.

"Can anything be done?" he asked.

The doctor's professional wits came back in an instant and he proceeded to examine his patient.

"But little, I should fear," he replied. "Perfect rest and quiet are the most essential things; the hospital——" he said, hesitatingly, hardly knowing what to propose or advise, and scarcely certain whether ballet-girls resided entirely in the theatre or not, and passed their whole lives in tights and book muslin.

Mary Grant turned a beseeching look upon him; she had heard his last word and was striving to speak.

"Hush," he said gently, "do not speak; I understand what you mean. You would rather go home; is that it?"

"Yes," she said, faintly; "home to die."

"We won't talk of that yet," he said, cheeringly. "Be quite still and let us do the best for you that we can."

Mr. Wortley drew out his purse; he was going ostentatiously to proclaim aloud to all whom it might concern that he would pay all expenses, and so send poor Grant home to die with a flourish of his managerial tenderness and generosity, but he could not do it; the pompous words he would have spoken stuck in his throat with the death that might have been prevented by a little care staring him in the face. The thought of the desolation that Mary Grant's last dance would bring upon her home rose before him, and he turned away. He was not all bad after all, this stony-hearted manager, and he drew the doctor aside and spoke to him in a whisper.

"I will pay everything," he said. "All expenses, remember; she has some one depending on her at home. May I leave it all to you?"

"Certainly," the young man replied. "I will go home with her; so far as I can judge from such a cursory examination she will need nothing long."

Mr. Wortley looked again at the prostrate figure on the floor, the fairy dress all limp and blood-stained, the splendid hair which not an hour ago had floated round her white shoulders in a silky cloud all tangled now, and marked in blotches with the same horrible stains.

The white lips, the closed eyes, the death-like face, all told the same terrible tale. She was dying, and it was in his power to make her last thought of earth a happier one. Should he speak to her, or should he keep up his dignity, and merely order everything to be done that money could pay for? He thought of the doctor's words, "perfect rest and quiet." There could not be [illegible] here.

"Miss Grant," he said. "Nay, do not speak," as the girl's eyes lit up with wonder, even then, at the touch of his hand and the sound of his voice. "I should not speak to you, perhaps, but I want you to be quite easy about your home, my dear. Your mother, isn't it? Well, she shall want for nothing. See, I will give this gentleman some money and he will take you home, and Miss Ellis here will go with you. I will send in the morning and hear all about you. Good night, and remember what I say to you. Good night, young ladies, or rather good morning."

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the curtain went down. He bustled out of the room as he spoke, as if he were half ashamed of what he had done, leaving the girls staring at one another with tearful eyes and wondering faces, and the doctor, with a crisp five pound note in his hand, thinking Mr. Adrian Wortley the most benevolent man on the face of the earth.

He had not intended to create any sensation by what he had done, it was his good angel at work, but he had done it; he had won the hearts of all the girls in the room; from that night forward there was not one of them that would not have done anything for the manager, and even the good will of a ballet girl is worth something. Presently a carpenter appeared on the scene with tidings that a cab was waiting.

"Those terrible crooked stairs," said the doctor. "However shall we get her down? The jolting will bring on the bleeding again."

"No need, sir," said the man. "We can lower her down on the bridge. It's up all handy."

This was Greek to the doctor, and Mr. Schrime explained.

"See," he said, leading the young man out into a gallery on which the door opened, "we can just lay her on here, and the men will lower her to the stage without a jerk."

"It looks awful," he remarked, looking over into the abyss of darkness below. "Will it not frighten her."

Mr. Schrime laughed.

"It looks odd to your unaccustomed eyes," he said, "but poor Grant is used to it."

They brought her out and laid her down, and the ballet-master and one of the girls took their places beside her. Nothing could persuade the doctor, however.

"While he had legs," he said, "he would depend upon them, and not be lowered he didn't know where by unseen agency in that fashion."

"*Bon voyage!*" he said, as he saw the platform begin to move, and made what haste he might down the crooked stairs, followed by the remainder of the girls.

The sick girl was carried across the dark stage and through the damp passages to the stage door, where a little crowd had gathered, apprised of there being "something up" at the theatre; that something varying in their ideas most astonishingly. Some averred that murder was the matter, nothing less; some that nearly all the ballet had been killed by some dire catastrophe, this last idea gaining credence wonderfully from the fact that none of them had been seen to come out.

They were somewhat disappointed, therefore, and felt themselves aggrieved, after the manner of crowds in general, when they saw only one pale figure wrapped in a cloak carried out and placed in a waiting cab which was silently driven off. The surgeon and Mr. Schrime went with it, the ballet-master solacing himself with a pipe beside the driver. And so Mary Grant was taken home, to the home she had left but a few short hours before, to dance out the last act of her life's drama.

What aching hearts awaited her none might know; what a dreary future lay before the lonely ailing mother and the helpless sister, to whom Mary's presence was the very sunshine of her life. Margaret Ross was standing on the threshold when the cab stopped. Tears were on her cheeks, and the widow was leaning on her arm. Mr. Schrime jumped down, fearful lest some outburst of agony should reach the sufferer.

"I know it all," she said, in answer to his upraised hand, and appealing look—"I am quite calm now, quite. Is she alive?"

"Yes," said the doctor, coming up to her, "she lives, but I can say no more till she is up stairs."

"May I come?" asked the ballet master. I do not wish to intrude, but perhaps I can be of some service."

"Yes, come," said Mrs. Grant, "my child always spoke of you as a good man; come and see the home she has sacrificed her life to keep up for us."

Slowly they mounted the stairs, up, up to the very roof, into a tolerably large attic room. There was very little furniture in it, but it was scrupulously clean and neat. They laid the poor girl down upon the bed, and Margaret Ross and her mother removed her stage dress, while the gentlemen talked together on the landing place. She roused for a little while when they had laid her in bed.

"Mother," she said, with a bewildered look, "how did I come here?"

"You were ill, dear," said Margaret; "at the theatre you know."

"Ah, yes, I remember now," she faintly uttered "Mother, don't despair—if I die, something will turn up. You'll write to uncle, mother."

"I'll write and tell him, my darling; but I doubt he is too poor himself to help us. Oh, if he were here, he might have saved you."

"No, mother; no one could do that. They did everything and Mr. Wortley too. Tell him how thankful I was to him."

The remembrance of perhaps the first kind word she had ever had spoken to her in business, except by the old ballet master, who stood by her side now, was in her mind still, calling up her gratitude even in death.

The mother stood by like one stunned; she seemed to have no power of weeping even, the shock had been so great. She could only wail out to the doctor now and then—"Oh, save her, save her!"

He could only watch and sympathise; she was past his skill and he knew it. There was nothing to be done but to moisten the white lips and bathe the cold forehead of the dying girl, who was fast passing to "that bourne from which no traveler returns."

For hours they sat watching her as she lay in the stupor which precedes dissolution, knowing none of them, not even the tender mother, whose gentle hand was about her, or the little sister, whose choking sobs broke the stillness with painful harshness.

Towards morning there came a change. She opened her eyes, bright and clear for a minute.

"Mother," she said. "Margaret! I am better, but so thirsty; give me some water."

They raised her a little, but even as the cup was at her lips there came a long, choking sigh, again the crimson tide gushed from her mouth; there was a wild, sharp struggle for the fleeting breath, and she was at rest. Gently the young surgeon closed her eyes and turned from the bed. He beckoned to Margaret Ross.

"Mr. Wortley gave me this for her," he said, putting the note into her hand. "Give it that poor soul for me, will you. I won't speak to her now?"

"Nor I," said Mr. Schrimc. "I'll go and send some one up to her. You'll stay a bit, my dear?"

"Oh yes, sir, till I'm wanted at the theatre."

They stole gently down stairs, not to disturb the grief they could not alleviate, and the sun streamed in, and the hum of busy life rose from the streets, all unheeding the sorrow that comes with each succeeding day.

Ten o'clock brought Hicks in a cab, with wine and fruit and good things of all sorts, and a great bundle besides of comforts, and his master's compliments into the bargain; but Mary Grant was gone where she would never feel harshness or kindness more, and Hicks turned away from the contemplation of that white still face and the desolate home, to feel more compassion for the dead girl's fellow workers than ever he had done before.

Many an act of kindness did he do in remembrance of what he saw that day—many a gentle word did he give to the over-worked underlings of his master's theatre; and when uncharitable thoughts would rise in his heart of the poor, tempted, straying girls that fluttered their brief day there, they were often quelled by the recollection of poor Mary Grant.

[END OF PROLOGUE.]

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

ON BOARD THE FERRY BOAT—MR. AND MRS. BROOKS—CURIOSITY—KITCHEN GOSSIP—THE DROPPED HANDKERCHIEF—AN HOUR'S REST—KEYHOLES WITH EARS.

Twenty years! It's a long time to look back—a long time through which to trace the flight of never resting time, and to go over, link by link, a chain of events; yet, for twenty years, dear reader, you must glance backward with me—leave the theatre and its glitter and enchantments, the busy stage with its bright occupants, under whose brilliant attire and light smiles we have seen death lurking, leave the fair "Juliet" whose triumphant *debut* is still a memorable day in theatrical life, Margaret Ross and her rare beauty, Dolores and her triumphs, and fly far away from busy, bustling London, to an obscure village on the coast of Scotland.

It was a lovely autumn evening, and the little steamer which plies between Granton and Burnt Island was snorting and puffing across the Forth, crowded with passengers and their belongings. It was not too late for tourists, and to that class most of them evidently belonged.

Well got up sportsmen, whose idea of the proper attire for the moors was derived from the shop windows, with guns which might in their hands be warranted to shoot nothing but themselves, and knapsacks very smart to look at, but which the first heavy rain they encountered would utterly spoil, were going, as they expressed it, "to have a pop at the grouse"—a bird about which Londoners in general know as much as they do of an ostrich or a cassowary.

Family parties were there too—bustling mammas, with flocks of erratic young ones, whose curiosity led them into all sorts of real and imaginary dangers, magnified by their anxious parents into risks of their valuable lives at least, and harassing wearied nurse maids almost out of their senses. There were young brides taking their first matrimonial trip, and looking forward to a life which was to be all sunshine. The glass of fate shows no dark picture to such as they.

There were men of business, whose families were "at the sea," and whose city houses were in the hands of painters and cleaners, so as to leave no rest for the sole of their foot; there were farmers and drovers, whose talk was of cattle and country matters, and whose garments were redolent of farm yards and byres. In short, there was almost every ingredient which goes to make up this work-day world of ours represented on the packet's deck that lovely evening.

A young man and woman sat apart from the bustle on some luggage, wearing the somewhat jaded look which traveling always gives. I should rather have called them a gentleman and lady, for though they were attired with extreme plainness and had no attendants, they bore unmistakable evidences of belonging to good society. They were both very young, the lady girlish she appears, to be wearing the ring which shows itself on her ungloved hand, the outward and visible sign of a true wife's devotion; yet a wife she is, and her boyish husband regards her with an admiration which nearly a year of matrimony has not lessened one atom. Many an eye is turned upon the pair, for they are strikingly handsome; the young lady very fair, with golden hair falling in clustering curls about her face and soft blue eyes, which take a thousand varying shades in accordance with what is passing in her mind.

Her husband is fair too, but his eyes are dark, and the hair which is blown into tangled curls by the sea wind is brown and silky. His hands are white and delicate, plainly showing that he has been accustomed to no manual employment. They sit together with an evident desire to keep to themselves, courting observation from no one, speaking to none unless they are addressed.

Their fellow passengers are, some of them, rather curious about them; somehow they look unlike the rest of the travelers. One or two of them have tried to get at who they are and where they are going, but the address on the one trunk they have with them affords very little information.

"J. BROOKS,
"Passenger to
"Kirkcaldy."

That was all; not the most prying old maid could make anything of that.

"I'm frae Kirkcaldy myself," said one woman to another, who had been watching the strangers for some time. "Will they hae folk there, I wonder? They look English like."

"They're na Scotch, I'm certain," replied her gossip. "They just look as if they'd run awa frae hame."

"That's what I've been thinking; there's a frightened way wi' them baith. They kind o' start when they're spoken to."

"Ay, do they. I asked the lassie the noo if Kirkcaldy was her hame?"

"What did she say?"

"She looked at him as if she wad ask him to speak, and he just said no, naething else. I said I thought she seemed wearied, and she said yes, they had come a long way, and then they baith turned to the water as if an nonest body's sayin' a word to either o' them was quite an insult."

"I dinna believe it's a' right," said her friend snappishly; and having settled this in their own minds they resolved to watch the young couple and find out where they went in the "lang toon," and if possible who and what they were. That they did not obtain much information will be seen hereafter.

But the steamer is nearing the quay at Burnt-Island, and the passengers begin to bustle among their packages and to prepare for landing; and the porter with their knotted ropes congregate on the landing place; and shout and squabble, and all is bustle and confusion. The young man spoke in a low tone to his companion.

"We are nearly at our journey's end," he said, bending over her and adjusting her cloak. "Only seven miles more and we shall be at our resting-place."

Her only answer was a long sigh.

"What is the matter?" he asked hurriedly; "you are ill."

"No, Arthur," she replied faintly, "not ill, it's only the anxiety, the terror; I feel as if I should die."

"Not you, my darling. Come, my little wife, be brave a wee while longer, as these canny Scotch people say. Think how fortunate we have been. My family all abroad and likely to be, and——"

"And my father, my only protector, dead and no one in the world to care what becomes of his portionless orphan," she replied with some bitterness, "except the people who have engaged her as their children's governess."

"Oh, don't talk like that," said the young man, sadly. Am I nothing to you? Does your husband count for no protection? We have six weeks before us, and what may not happen in that time?"

"Nothing to hinder our parting," she said. "But I will be brave, Arthur, I will try to see the reality of the castles you build."

"They will be real sometime," he returned, in a cheery tone. "Only one year, and I shall be of age, and then——"

"But think what your father may do before then; remember what he told my father he would do, marry his son to Lady Mary Sempton."

"My father cannot force me into a marriage. The worst he could do would be to disinherit me, and that he can only do partially. But none of those dreadful things are going to happen. See, here we are, mind how you step."

She took his arm and rose, but stumbled giddily forward.

"You are ill," he said, in alarm, passing his arm round her. "What shall I do? Would to heaven we were at Kirkcaldy. There would be no fear of discovery or any disquiet there. You would be at peace."

"It's nothing, indeed it isn't," she said, forcing a smile. "If I could rest an hour. I am so tired, that's all."

"We might spare an hour, and then get there in good time," he said. "Try and walk ashore, and you shall lie down."

He supported her tenderly up the slippery pathway, and her faintness seemed to pass off. Inquiring for the nearest hotel, he led her thither, and rang for the landlady.

"I want a room for an hour where my wife can rest before we go on," he said.

"Yes, sir," she replied, looked somewhat curiously at the young wife. "But that's the last train now off. You'd better have a bed here. I'll make you very comfortable, sir."

"No, thank you; we must get on. We can post it, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I can give you a carriage and as good a pair of horses as ever was harnessed," she said, her respect for the travelers rising as soon as she found that expense was no object. "Will you have one horse or two, sir?"

"Two," he replied, decidedly. "And now, show this lady upstairs. What will you have, my darling?"

"A cup of tea," she said. "But I don't really want anything but rest."

"Tea for two, then, as soon as you can, and cold meat, or a chop, or whatever you can let us have at the shortest notice."

"Yes, sir, there's cold beef and fowl, sir, and ham, and I could send up a bit of fish if the lady would like it."

"Oh, any of them," he replied, good-humoredly, as they were ushered into the room prepared for them.

"Shall you be able to go on?" he asked, anxiously, when the door closed behind the bustling, officious landlady. "You are looking very ill."

"Oh, yes, quite able in a little while; I feel better already; now that we are out of hearing of the whirr of the machinery of that steamer a nap will quite set me up."

He assisted her to remove her bonnet and traveling cloak, and drew the curtains of the heavy, old-fashioned bed so as to exclude the light; and sat down by the window, gazing out at the lovely view. The hotel faced the Forth, and the setting sun gleamed upon the water, and shed a golden glow over the spires and towers of Edinburgh. His thoughts were far away, however; the most lovely prospect in the world, and there are few more lovely, would have been lost upon him then.

"So far so good," he muttered to himself. "We have six weeks start, unless my father should come back, or Mrs. Wycherly want her governess, and by that time my darling will be as well and as beautiful as ever. Only one year more of perplexities and trial, and then I shall be free—free to take my wife by the hand and bid all the world receive her to her own position! What will my father say if I present him with a daughter-in-law and an heir at the same time? Perhaps the latter fact will do something towards assuaging his anger at the former. Well, time will show."

Meantime the landlady was busy in her department, busy with both tongue and hands, for the young strangers had excited her curiosity more than she would have liked to own.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mary," she said to her daughter, through the hissing of the frying of ham and eggs, "they're a young couple married on the sly, I'll wager, and high people, too, or my name is not Hannah Duff. Just to see his white hands, and the ways he has with him. Shouldn't wonder but he's a lord."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the young lady, whose notions of the aristocracy were somewhat obscure, "what makes you think that? They don't look at all particular."

"Ah, I know what I know," replied Mrs. Duff. "But you have such a tongue and might go talking."

"Oh, I won't say a word. Do tell me,"

"Well, then, just now, when he was ordering the tea, he dropped his handkerchief. Fine lawn it was; must have cost a mint of money. He didn't see it, but I did, and I saw something on the corner, too. I knew what it was in a minute; it was a coronet, and there were letters too, an A and a D and something else, all twisted and twined together."

"Perhaps he's some one's servant," said Miss Duff. "I've seen valets who looked as much gentlemen as their masters."

"And a deal more," said the mother, laughing. "No, no, Mary, this Mr. Brooks—that's the name on the traveling case he had in his hand—hasn't half pretensions enough for a servant; he's the real thing, depend upon it. I'd like to know the rights of it. Anyhow they've plenty of money and that's all our business. Are the eggs ready?"

"They'll take a minute yet, folks like to see the brown on 'em; the ham looks grand. There, the eggs'll do now; you go and lay the cloth and I'll dish up. My, are you going to give them the best silver?"

"I am; they won't steal them. I know what I am about."

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks sat down to a table spread with all Mrs. Duff's notions of elegance; and wondered much at the good dame's excessive attention. The young lady seemed much refreshed and her husband's spirits rose accordingly.

"Are you ready for the rest of your journey, Mrs. Brooks?" he asked, with a merry smile.

"Oh, Arthur," she said, deprecatingly, "what a name to call me."

"Nay, it was your own choosing," he replied with an amused face; "take another, if you like it better."

"No, no, that's not it; but why did you call me so when we are alone?"

"Because," he said, in a half whisper, "in some inns the walls have ears and the keyholes eyes, and it may be the case here."

"I said their name was na Brooks any more than it's mine," muttered Mrs. Duff, as she descended the stairs. "If I had had that door fitted with a key as Duff wanted, I shouldn't have found that out maybe."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sporting Squibs.

— John Howard, the great jumpist, has been matched in Manchester, Eng., to clear a full sized billiard table lengthwise (backward and forwards). Betting, at last accounts, was 2 to 1 against the man.

— Forty-six persons, dipped in twenty minutes, is the boast of a man who is called the "champion baptiser."

— A flock of pigeons covering a space of twelve and a half miles in length and fifty feet in breadth, passed over Wellsville, Tioga Co., Pa., one day recently.

— Thomas Kerr, a famous Scotch plowman, has just died. In the past twenty-five years he gained more than sixty prizes at agricultural fairs for plowing, and two-thirds of them were first premiums.

— A herd of four hundred Indian ponies, fat and frisky, are running about in the Powder River Valley, Dakotah. We have seldom heard of such a herd running loose.

— Bull fights have been prohibited in Zacatecas.

— The steam pleasure yacht "Ella" was launched in Philadelphia on the 4th.

— The Central Ohio race grounds at Newark, Ohio, have been leased by Mr. Jas. H. Moore.

— A six mile race at sea, between the steam corvette Jason, and the steam iron clad corvette Favorite, resulted in favor of the Favorite by a mile and a half—so the latest advices from Jamaica inform us.

— A handsome boat house is about to be built by the Iona Yacht Club, at the foot of 57th street, on the Hudson river.

— Mr. Nicholson, of North Oxford, Mass., killed 400 feet of black snakes in an old cellar near his house a few days ago. "Our Jim" says he never knew before that snakes had feet.

— Tom Bartlett, of Warren, Indiana, killed a grey eagle on Pine creek, recently, measuring from tip to tip of wings, extended, eight feet and one-fourth inch; length of middle talon, two and three-fourth inches; breadth of knee joint, one inch; span of talons, eight inches, being considerable wider than the grasp of a large man's hand.

— George Fordham, the celebrated English jockey, succeeded in scoring his first winning mount this season, upon Orion, in the Epsom Spring Cup.

— Lord Cardigan met with a serious accident on March 26th by falling from his horse, it is supposed in a fit. A rumor was prevalent at last advices that he had died from the injuries sustained.

— *Bell's Life in Victoria* has been merged into *The Australasian*.

— On March 20th, Benj. B. French undertook, for a heavy wager, to walk from Kennington Church to Brighton, Eng., and back, in twenty-five hours. He started at six o'clock, and returned to Kennington Church at five o'clock P. M. on the 21st, thus winning, with two hours to spare.

— The American Jockey Club held a meeting on Saturday, the 11th inst., at their rooms on the corner of Broadway and 21st street, when the rules of the new subscription were discussed and decided to be published soon.

— The Buckeye club, of Cincinnati, has decided to have a Spring Running Meeting. It is said that they have already received pledges from a large number of prominent turfmen to send horses to it. It will begin on the 23d of May.

— The mare American Girl, of the old Cassius Clay stock, was sold in this city on the 10th inst., to Mr. Lovett, for $12,500.

— A trial of speed is to come off at the Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, on the 15th, between Ben, Plough Boy and another horse, for $300, mile heats, to wagons.

— Major A. J. Flomerfelt, a well known and respected resident of Philadelphia, dropped dead while on a gunning excursion in New Jersey on the 10th inst.

— The Buffalo Driving Park Association offer $20,000 in premiums to be contested for at the Fair to be held on the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st of July. On the first day, $10,000 will be given.

HODGSON VS. TINNOCK FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Alex. T. Tinnock, better known as "Scotty," the noted disc caster, has been matched by a prominent supporter of the game in this city, against Wm. Hodgson, the Pottsville coal miner. The latter, who is an old country celebrity, has held the championship for a couple of years. In 1866 he defeated Gibson of this city, and afterward McLaren of Newark. Tinnock first made his appearance in this city last season as Sam Currie's "Unknown." His performances at long distances were somewhat remarkable, but he became engaged in one or two matches that had a suspicious look and lost the support of some of the best friends of the game. The conditions of the match are 61 points up, 21 yards distance, stiff sticking clay ends, for $500. The time and place of playing has not been settled, but will probably be fixed during the tournament to take place in this city next June, at the Normal Grounds.

IMPORTANT HANDICAP SKITTLE MATCH.—The skittle handicap previously announced in the CLIPPER for an elegant silver goblet, won by L. Sibley in London, and recently purchased from him by Wm. Cleaver, was decided at the Half-Way House, 320 Eighth Avenue, on Good Friday, and attracted a large muster of the admirers of this game of the land of roses. Twelve competitors in all were entered and they played two at a time. The names of the six winners were then put in a hat and paired as follows: McCarthy and Joe McNeil; Bill Cleaver and Williams; Pop Tuckley and Blackmore. In playing off, Cleaver, Blackmore, and McNeil were the victors, and in the concluding game Blackmore proved the winner of the cup by one pin. The conditions were stand fair, five chalks up. Blackmore intends to offer it again as a prize, to to be competed for at an early day.

RACING HURDLES IMPROVED.—An improved racing hurdle has been invented. It presents the appearance of a close board fence, the boards of which are hinged at the bottom to a base of timber, the upright boards being held in position by stays of gutta percha. If a horse hits in going over, the stay gives by stretching, and the board falls down, so that it is really no more an obstacle than the paper hoop the acrobat leaps through in the circus.

THE CODE OF HONOR.—One would imagine that the South had been surfeited with powder and ball, but the result of the rebellion does not appear to have affected the so-called "code of honor" to any noticeable extent. At a hotel dinner table at Tuscumbia, Ala., a few days since, a couple of the "chivalry" seated opposite each other engaged in a dispute, which terminated in an impromptu duel across the table, to the consternation of the guests. One of the principals was shot dead, and the ball from the revolver of the other passed through the coat of an outsider, fortunately without injuring him.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy.....10 cents | Subscription per annum.....$5 00
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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must send in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

J. S.—There has been a dispute touching the true understanding of a dispatch received in this city while the late billiard match was pending:—"Just run two hundred and forty-two—game twelve hundred and nine to ten hundred and ninety-five against me. J. McD." On reading this, one gentleman announced that McDevitt stood one hundred and fourteen ahead of Foster; this was disputed by another gentleman, who remarked that, according to his understanding of the dispatch, Foster was one hundred and fourteen points ahead. On the strength of this diversity of opinion a wager was made. Now, throwing aside the report of the game, received since the wager was made, who wins the bet as the telegram reads?".....We shall not offer to decide the bet, but will merely give our opinion by saying that had the dispatch been submitted to us as soon as received, we should have said that, according to our judgment of the telegram, Foster was ahead.

FED, Buffalo, N. Y.—Weston's one hundred mile time is not the best on record. Captain Barclay, in December, 1806, is recorded as having accomplished the arduous performance of walking 100 miles in 19 hours, over the worst road in Great Britain, and just at the break of a severe storm. He started from Ury to go to Crathynaird and back. He went to Charlton of Aboyne, 28 miles, in four hours, where he stopped ten minutes; then went forward to Crathynaird, 22 miles, where he rested fifty minutes. He then returned to Charlton, where he refreshed for thirty minutes, when he continued on to Ury, completing the whole distance in nineteen hours. Exclusive of stoppages, the distance was performed in 17½ hours, averaging about 5¾ miles to the hour.

A LATE SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore, Md.—1. John Jackson, known as "Gentleman John," was born in London, Eng., Sept. 25, 1769. He defeated Fewterell and Mendoza, and was beaten by George the Brewer. He was recognized by the nobility and died at 4 Grosvenor street, Eaton-square, Oct. 7, 1845. 2. Young Barney Aaron has appeared seven times in the ring, defeating Johnny Robinson, Bill Evans, Johnny Monaghan and Sam Collyer, fighting a draw with Robinson, and being beaten by Scotty of Brooklyn and Sam Collyer. He will be thirty-two years old on the 27th of July next. 3. Hyer and Sullivan fought Feb. 7, 1849. 4. He is so considered. 5. Abe Hicken has fought thirteen prize battles.

W. H. F., Boston.—If, in the game of Euchre, the dealer should take up the trump and play alone, and one of his opponents should play alone against him, how many points would the dealer be entitled to if he secured but (3) three tricks? 2. How many points should his opponent have if he had taken (3) three tricks?.....An opponent has no right to go alone against the dealer when the latter takes up the trump and declares to go alone; if the dealer secures three tricks, he is entitled to one point only. 2. Two points, he having euchred his adversary.

BICKETT.—1. John Grindell's best time for ten miles was 57 minutes 22 seconds, made in the championship match at Cambridge, Mass., May 15, 1855. 2. John Barlow is said to have run ten miles in 54 minutes 21 seconds, at the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., Nov. 19, 1842, defeating John Steepcrock, an Indian. Thos. Greenhalch, and six others. 3. Francis Attinalli's ten mile time in his race with Francis Bethel, at the Red House Grounds, Harlem, N. Y., March 29, 1858, was given as 55 minutes, he winning by about 150 yards.

T. AND G., Boston, Mass.—"A and B sit down to play a game of cribbage; A plays his last card, a five, making fifteen, and takes two holes. B has left in his hand two ten spots; how many holes is he entitled to?".....Two points, one for "go" and the other for "last card." Playing the first ten after fifteen prevented the other from coming in to make a pair, otherwise he would have been entitled to three points; viz: two for pair and one for "go."

THE HOG, Richmond, Ind.—1. They never fought at all. 2. Mace and Goss fought three times. In the first Mace won, 19r. 1h. 55½m., Sept. 1st, 1863, for £1,000. The second ended in a draw, 1r. 1h. 14m, May 24th, 1866. Mace won the third, 21r. 30m., August 6th, 1866. 3. Coburn's record would show him to be such. 4. Tommy Chandler was so considered. 5. If you persist in reading that paper you won't know anything at all shortly, at that rate.

PERFORMER, Pittsburgh.—1. Purchase your necessary "fakements" first, then get out your printing, start your agent ten days ahead of you through the small towns, and then go on and give your show. 2. Five hundred dollars would give you a start. 3. Several have done very well in the gift business, but you must understand it thoroughly to succeed. 4. It is not a good time of the year to start any new enterprise.

E. K. N., Philadelphia.—"At cribbage, A plays and makes it 24, B a deuce, C an ace, and D a tray, making it 30, and taking a sequence of three. A and B cannot play, when C plays an ace, claiming a sequence of three and two for thirty-one. How many was he entitled to?".....Two points only, for thirty-one. The ace did not form a sequence, consequently he was not entitled to three points therefor.

L. AND B.—"A and B are running for the Assembly; A is returned elected by the county canvassers; B contests A's election, and a committee is appointed by the House to investigate, who declare B elected. Who wins the bets made on the election?".....As the House decided in favor of B, those who bet on his election are entitled to the amounts wagered.

F. L. B. S., Chelsea, Mass.—1. In a game of high, low, jack, or seven up, four persons are playing. A deals and B begs. If A gives B one point, does that entitle C and D to one each? 2. two?".....1. Yes. 2. Two points, and B plays alone against

JENKS, St. Louis.—1. Eva is the wife of J. W. Allinson. Emeline is not married. 2. They have—see our negro summary. 3. He has played leading business at the Worrell Sisters' and Broadway Theatres, this city, as well as in other cities West and South. 4. She is a niece of Ben DeBar, and that is her real name.

THEATRE-GOER.—1. Earl H. Pierce died in England, June 5th, 1850. He was on the tamborine end with George Christy in E. P. Christy's Minstrels in this city, for some time. He left them in 1850. Went to England in 1856. 2. The many mistakes you mention occur through bad management, or no management at all.

BRUTUS.—"In the game of euchre, supposing hearts to be trumps and my opponent leads the left bower, and I (having no trumps) follow with a spade, is it binding on me to play a diamond? My opponent claims that it is.".....No, you can throw on anything.

W. H., New Paris, O.—We do not know the circulation of the *La Crosse* paper, therefore we are unable to decide the bet. Our impression is that it is exceeded by that of several New York and Philadelphia papers, however.

L. T. W., Binghamton.—1. You don't say what line of business. 2. New beginners find it difficult to get positions in a first class minstrel troupe. 3. Not at present, if you can find anything else to do.

OLD MAN, Boston.—Either place your name on the books of one of our dramatic agents, or make personal application to some manager, who will probably give you a rehearsal to try your abilities.

R. M., Fort Monroe.—Being a green hand at the business you would stand a poor chance to get an opening here at present, as there are a great many well known good performers doing nothing.

FAITHFUL, Saugerties, N. Y.—We never heard of any State having two capitals in a legislative sense. Albany is the capital of New York for legislation, while New York city may be considered the capital in a commercial point of view.

BAY CITY, Mich.—The population of London, Eng., is larger than nine of the largest cities of this country, viz., New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Chicago and New Orleans.

M. H. M.—1. Neither of the brothers that appeared at the Theatre Comique died. Thomas, who died last week, was with the other branch of the Hanlons. 2. Yes, four of a kind beats a flush.

PHŒNIX, Albany, N. Y.—That was a rough estimate. McCotter is a trifle over an inch taller than Blackey. There was but three pounds difference in their weight when the match was made, according to their own telling.

G. K. N., Green Bay.—1. Mrs. Siddons died in England, June 8th, 1831. She never visited this country. 2. Mrs. Scott Siddons, who contemplates a visit to this country this fall, is a great grand-daughter of the great tragedienne.

W. J., Chicago, Ill.—The average of McDevitt, the winner in the last match between him and Dion, in December last, was 13½, consequently W. wins the bet.

GAZETTE.—Butt Riley never served a term in prison. It was the other Hugh, better known as "Blink," whom you are thinking of.

FORT HILL BOY, Boston, Mass.—Thanks; the item was already in type, however. We shall be pleased to hear from you whenever convenient.

W. H. W., Philadelphia.—1. The newsdealers can give you a copy before the mail reaches you. 2. We have no time to send programmes.

C. F. W., Cincinnati.—The answer to C. R. in our issue of March 21st, had no reference to C. Harry Franck, but to a performer at present in this city.

SUBSCRIBER, Williamsburgh, L. I.—It is not a cribbage hand, and we ought not to answer it; but for once we will say, 46; 6 by pairs, 16 by fifteens and 24 by sequences.

J. G., Pittsburgh.—They will make three volumes, the cost for binding which will be about $1.00 each. You could make more by saving them for a year or two.

T. H. B., Newport.—B was certainly justified in not playing to euchre D, as it would have been to his disadvantage to do so at that particular state of the game.

WRESTLER, Chicago.—If no conditions as to the style of wrestling were made before commencing, B is clearly entitled to the fall.

WM. H. G., St. Lawrence, N. Y.—1. Make your arrangements to be in Cincinnati on the night previous, and you will be able to find out all that is necessary. 2. That is out of our province.

R. H. C., Killawog.—1. The concern travels through Pennsylvania and New York State. 2. We cannot inform you where you can purchase them.

W. C. F., Williamsburgh.—You should order him to take it up.

V. J. M., Middlebury, O.—If C makes the trump, no other player can go alone against him.

D. O. F. R.—We never give the residences of ladies in the profession in this city.

J. E. D., Dale City, D. T.—Write to the Lubin Brothers, whose address you will find in another column.

J. K., Pittsburgh.—You had better send a small deposit, and if you do, renew your challenge.

S. R. R.—We have not the data at hand to make the calculation.

J. B., Hamilton, O.—Yes, get Phelan's Handbook on Billiards of any bookseller.

OLD BEAR.—You were right; eighteen points is the count, 12 by fifteens and 6 by pair royal.

VAN, Fort Dodsworth.—The Showman's Guide, by T. Allston Brown, is the only one to be had at present. Price, $3.

C. F., Neponset.—The first was published, but is now out of print.

CLIPPER OBSERVER.—It was to Commodore Vanderbilt that Morrissey presented the trotting horse Rockingham.

S. D., Boston.—A full pack of hounds consists of twenty-six couple.

SPORT, Taunton.—If no fraud has been resorted to, the party who wins on a sure thing is entitled to the money.

OCCASIONAL, Dunkirk.—The article is out of our line, as you may perceive. See cards and notice in miscellaneous summary.

NONPAREIL, Cleveland.—The lady is not playing anywhere at present.

MONKEY, St. Louis.—They are brothers and natives of Manchester, Eng.

SUBSCRIBER, Carlisle.—The Crystal Palace was opened July 15, 1853.

G. R. M., New Haven.—Write to Mr. Wemyss, whose address you will find in advertisement elsewhere.

CLIPPER, Newark, N. J.—I. Cannot give you the date. 2. Yankee Sullivan's right name was Frank Ambrose.

T. M. L., Charlestown, Mass.—Thanks for items. See a notice in our ring department.

F. M. D., Lynchburg.—They are generally level.

ELLA, Chicago.—We never heard of a performer by that name.

BUDDY.—We have already had something in that line.

R. M. J.—Born in this city in 1838.

J. L. C., Napoleon, Ark.—That match is off.

ST. LOUISAN.—Mary is at present in this city, having retired from the stage. Cannot say where Lizzie is now, as she has not performed for some time.

MCBROWN.—1. They arrived here in the steamer of 1860. 2. Stewart is of Irish birth, and we believe the other gentleman comes from the same country.

PAUL PRY, Salem.—Maiden name Langley; born in Sealbrook, April 13th, 1843; wife of Mr. B.

BLACK HAMMER, Syracuse, N. Y.—Coburn and McCoole never put on the gloves together.

H. M., Philadelphia.—Neither end men or song and dance performers furnish music for their songs.

C. F.—The Atlantics did not play the Waterbury club last season, consequently could not have been defeated by them.

J. S. B.—F. Wemyss, theatrical book publisher, Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, can furnish you with them.

ANDREW.—Eagle pennies of 1857-8 are not so valuable we think.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Charlestown, Mass.—We cannot inform you where the picture is to be purchased.

STAKEHOLDER, Providence, R. I.—Jimmy Elliott stands 5ft. 11in. in his stocking feet—an inch taller with his boots on.

ED. L., Washington.—A deposit should have accompanied your offer.

SHADOW.—A lime light is used for the Shadow Pantomime.

C. J. J.—The Tipton Slasher's real name is Bill Perry.

"MUGGINS."—Will reply as soon as opportunity offers.

THEATRICAL BENEFITS.

The recent abolition of benefits at Wallack's Theatre is attracting some attention inside and outside the profession, and, in our way of thinking, seems to be an unwarrantable invasion of the actor's right—a right which, it may be observed, long usage in all parts of the world has sanctioned. We believe it is the plea of Mr. Wallack, that benefit-taking is derogatory to the artist, and that he holds himself as having offered a fair equivalent for the loss sustained by the several members of his troupe, contingent on this new rule, by throwing in a few extra dollars, payable with their weekly salary. We are left in the dark, however, as to the duration of this additional payment. We trust that it will not die with the season which commences it. But even if continued, is it a proper way of meeting the contingency? Is it not more truly derogatory to actors and more hurtful to their feelings than a dozen benefits could be?

Apart from the professional's prescriptive right to a benefit, there is much to be said in its favor, for collateral reasons. Foremost among these is the opportunity it affords to the admirers of any actor or actress, or to the personal friends of the same, to make a special record of their sentiments on a special occasion, the most fitting medium of which is decidedly a benefit. It has been the custom from time immemorial; professionals have been taught to count on it, and, without doubt, it has been the means of stimulating them to further exertions to please their patrons. That Mr. Wallack should do away with an old custom, is to be regretted, for the sake of consistency at least; as it will be remembered how often he has himself made an appeal to the play-going public in that relation—and how liberal was the response, some years since, to his late father—when, probably, the unfitness of benefits had not crossed the managerial mind. The implication given by Mr. Wallack, is, as we have already said, that something beggarly is associated with a theatrical benefit. We must confess there is in some cases, but not in the ordinary run. For example, if a certain person—whether manager or mere actor—puts up his name more than once in a season for a "night," without any plea at all, or on such pleas as we sometimes see blazoned on the bills, then, it must be owned, the practice is a pernicious one and ought to be abrogated. But when, on the contrary, it is simply the one benefit during the one season, a very different judgment must be passed.

It is only right that all these matters should be carefully gauged, which they cannot be except on a trade principle. Let us, for argument's sake, take a public favorite who has toiled at his arduous vocation through an almost ended season, and is to toil on to the close. He puts up his name for a benefit, and on the occasion provides for his friends and the general frequenters of the theatre an entertainment worth the money paid to witness it. There is no mendicity about this, and if there were the manager should be the last person in the world to take exception to it, as he really does the same thing every night for *himself*. In short, his entire rule has this commercial basis; yet he would resent it as an insult were anybody to tell him his conduct in the premises was derogatory to the character of a true gentleman—was, to speak more plainly yet, that of a mendicant. In the case of an actor's benefit, however, the circumstances are softened down. The value of the thing offered is in fair proportion to the expected return, with the graceful accompaniment of a mutual good understanding between the professional and his friends. He, a zealous laborer in behalf of them, is about to bid them farewell for an interval, and they are anxious that cordiality should characterize the event; so they crowd to his benefit, not so much in view of enriching him by a certain amount of extra dollars, as of testifying their appreciation of his talents and rendering his position unmistakable. We have not heard whether it is Mr. Wallack's intention to deprive his minor artists of their long accustomed benefit. If it is, then, out of a spirit of fair play, he ought to "compensate" them as well as the others. If, on the contrary, benefits are to be preserved in their favor, then will Mr. Wallack be establishing a most invidious distinction between the two classes of professionals, whose sure tendency will be to separate them more vexatiously than ever. Benefits have been recognized by managers, and stock actor ever since the drama had a footing in America—from 1748 to the present day. When the old Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, was under the management of Wood and Warren—over forty-five years ago—every star had his benefit before his engagement closed, and before the season terminated all the leading actors and actresses had his or her one or two benefits each. Mrs. Barry, an old English actress, is recorded as the first performer, male or female, who ever had a theatrical benefit. The privilege was procured for her through the influence of James the Second, and she alone possessed it until just before the commencement of the eighteenth century. Mr. Wallack is not the only Broadway manager that has abolished the benefit system. During Mr. Wheatley's management of Niblo's Garden he has given no stock actor a benefit, but those that have occurred have been for stars who demand it and will not effect an engagement without it.

THE EXCISE QUESTION.

It was naturally anticipated by the inhabitants of this metropolitan district, groaning as they have been for some two years back beneath the burden of an overtasked sumptuary legislation, that some measure would have been devised at the very opening of the session by a legislature, wedded to the political proclivities, distinguishing a vast majority of voters, and resident within the prescribed district, whereby the oft-reiterated complaints of our community could have been modified, if not wholly appeased. The enforcement of an Excise Law, unnecessarily stringent and circumscribed in its action to a distinctive locality, had been regarded by the general mass of our citizens, suddenly bereft of enjoyments and privileges heretofore deemed their indisputable heritage, to be so flagrant and particular an act of injustice as to suggest from its intrinsic demerits the necessity of revoking such portions at least of the legislative act sanctioning irksome exercise of dubious restrictive power.

Nevertheless it appears that neither the city delegation, nor the representatives of our metropolitan district, have not until this late hour seen fit to urge upon the State legislature that imperative duty which their constituents, divested from partisan bias, undoubtedly conceived to have been imposed upon them through the simple fact of their respective elections. The grievance being of a purely local character and falling upon all voters with an equality in stringency, we of this city could not bring ourselves to contemplate prolongation of the Excise discipline as other than recognition of an injury against which the community, with a marvellously singular accord, had spontaneously rebelled. We are therefore astonished, that well aware as the legislature must be of the oft expressed animosity, entertained against both the spirit of the Excise Law and the form of its enforcement, a great portion of the present legislative session has been suffered to glide away without calling forth the first symptom of even a temporary relaxation from a thraldom harrowing to our prejudices and repulsive to our sentiment of liberal justice. Yet such was the state of the case, and such it was likely to remain, had not the dread of popular clamor been indirectly re-evoked to dispel the lethargic security into which our law makers appear to have subsided. A brief lapse of days would suffice to render our case still more pitiable through delaying if not paralysing a remedy which we assured ourselves to be in existence, a remedy we have permitted to lie dormant until our complaint has grown almost chronic.

From the date of their origin sumptuary ordinances have proven a pregnant source of perplexing legislation, while among all laws designed for the regulation of social luxuries, those touching upon traffic in intoxicating beverages, are from their very nature, the more contradictory and unsatisfactory. Unlike every other article of commerce, alcohol and its kindred liquors have been assumed, from a social point of view, to possess obnoxious properties, rendering their general sale subject to supervisatory restrictions, while an adherence to this mistaken distinction as to legislative economy has served to perpetuate upon this specialty of trade trammels, originally shared among all vended goods, but now retained upon liquor alone, after the commercial necessity for their imposition has passed away.

While denying the radical rectitude of, or the absolute necessity for, restriction upon liquor dealing as a mercantile calling, economists

Mr. Foley stoutly asserting the player counted, and Mr. Furlong for Foster, as stoutly claiming that he did not. A great commotion was the result, all rising to their feet, and the game coming to a full stop. Foster's friends crowded around him, urging him to throw up the game in case his opponent was allowed to go on. McDevitt stood calmly by, awaiting the decision when it should be given. The parties nearest the balls when the shot was made were the player himself, Mr. Foley, and Mr. Furlong. Of these the two latter disagreed, while the player, of course, said nothing. Suggestions were made that he be [illegible] with, but not entertained. The umpire, Mr. LeBrun, who was at the farther end of the table, was called upon to give his decision, and it was rendered in favor of McDevitt. Immediately the uproar was tremendous. Upon this, Mr. Foster put on his coat and left the place. This, however, was observed by not few, and the commotion continued, all the interested parties, those with bets hanging upon the issue, loudly calling for a decision upon the game.

"The decision was greeted with a perfect uproar, hundreds of those who had money on the board, which they had supposed lost, venting their joy in the most tumultuous manner. The winner was raised upon the shoulders of a party of his friends, who marched around the room, shouting, throwing up their caps, and in all manner of ways manifesting their satisfaction. A general rush was made for the stakeholders, who were called upon to disgorge the money placed in their hands. Very large sums of money had been staked by McDevitt's Chicago friends, and the city is perhaps, to be congratulated that it will be retained here."

The following is the correct score of the match:—

THE SCORE.

FOSTER.			M'DEVITT.		
Shot.	Count.	Total.	Shot.	Count.	Total.
1.	5	5	1.	0	0
2.	27	32†	2.	3	3
3.	4	36	3.	6	9
4.	7	43	4.	2	11†
5.	0	43	5.	12	23
6.	45	88†	6.	15	38
7.	6	94	7.	5	43†
8.	0	94	8.	0	43
9.	0	94	9.	0	43
10.	21	115	10.	5	48
11.	105	220	11.	3	51
12.	3	223	12.	1	52
13.	0	223	13.	1	53
14.	2	225	14.	6	59
15.	2	227	15.	3	62
16.	72	299†	16.	6	68
17.	263	562	17.	11	79
18.	126	688	18.	38	117
19.	12	700	19.	2	119
20.	2	702	20.	2	121†
21.	2	704†	21.	2	123
22.	11	715†	22.	3	126
23.	3	718†	23.	5	131
24.	2	720	24.	11	136†
25.	3	723	25.	5	141†
26.	3	726	26.	5	146
27.	38	764†	27.	5	146
28.	10	774	28.	0	146†
29.	6	770	29.	9	155†
30.	6	776	30.	1	156

REFERENCES.

* Frozen. † Bank shot. ‡ Missed cue. ¶ Pocket. ‖ Deliberate safety play. § Miss. a Foul claimed and allowed.

SUMMARY.

LIBERTY HALL, CHICAGO, April 8, 1868.—Match game of billiards between John McDevitt, of Chicago, and Melvin Foster, of New York, for the Championship of America and $500 a side, 1,500 points up, caroms, on a second size American Standard Table of Phelan and Collender's manufacture, with 2¾-inch balls. McDevitt declared winner by decision of the referee. Score at close of game—McDevitt, 1,288; Foster, 1,262. Average—McDevitt, 21 29-59; Foster, 21. Highest runs—McDevitt, 244, 233, 202; Foster, 263, 123, 107, 68, 170. Plays for safety—McDevitt, 19; Foster, 15. Referee—Albert De Brun. Umpires—Thomas Foley for McDevitt; James Furlong for Foster. Scorer—Thomas Furlong. Time of Game—4 hours and 10 minutes.

A BILLIOUS BILLIARDIST.

A GREENHORN NOT GREEN ON THE GREEN CLOTH.

A cue-rious cus-tomer, in billiardistic parlance, recently visited Worcester, Mass., and played a little game that rather astonished the natives, and which is "norated" by the *Gazette* of the 9th inst. as follows:—"The little billiard world of Worcester has been rocked with a wave of excitement, and it hasn't recovered entirely from the effect of it yet. This is to tell how it happened. It seems that an individual, clad in garments that must have come over in the Mayflower, as for fashion or cut, visited this city a day or two since, and brought with him a large amount of greenbacks, of which he made quite an open show. He sauntered about Main street with a gait that savored strong of the hayfield, and with open countenance gazed intently into the shop windows, expressing his approbation or disapproval in true broad Yankee dialect. He was set down as 'country' immediately. His actions were watched by several fast young men, who, knowing that he had a large amount of 'stamps' with him, determined to transfer the aforesaid 'stamps' into their own pockets. They stepped up to him, and asked him if he would not like to see the 'elephant,' and, as he had an intense desire to look upon the animal, he asked how much it cost to see the show. On being told that the admission was free, he replied that 'it was cheap enough for half the money.' He was taken to one of those dens of vice, scientifically termed billiard saloons, where he was easily induced 'to take something.' He maintained his part well there, better, indeed, than on the street. A billiard table took his fancy, and he expressed a great desire to know its use. It was explained to him, and then nothing would do but that he must learn to play the game. He said:—'Father put me to e'nearnost any kind of work, and I allers did it up brown. Fact is, I kin du anything that 't put my hands tu. I never yet got stumped, and I guess I won't begin by sayin' so, sartain. Guess I'll take that pole, mister, and play a game of beel-yards.' One of the highly amused company present offered to play him a game of 1,000 points for $25. Our young man from the country closed with the offer immediately, and the game commenced. At the same time the company began to see that the part of their supposed rustic friend was an assumed one, for the splendid game that he played gave evidence that he had seen a billiard table at least once before. The end of it was that he won the game by 250 points, and the unequal interval occurring at Cook 800, Roberts 384, after 1h. 20min. From 397 Roberts scored his highest break, 56; and at 825, Cook, with thirteen more "spots," added a 46. In the last century he also put on a 44, and at half-past ten won the game by 405 points, amidst loud applause. At the close of the game Roberts, in addressing a few remarks to the company, said Cook was one of the finest hazard strikers he ever had the fortune to meet.

A GOOD BILLIARD SALOON is located opposite the Post Office, Portsmouth, N. H., we understand, S. A. Avery being the agent, and the ball being part of the Piscataqua House.

A BILLIARD MATCH FOR $100 A SIDE was played at the Maryland State Temple, Baltimore, Md., on the 11th inst., between Messrs. S. H. Davis, of Washington, D. C., and Maurice Daley, of Baltimore, on a second sized caroms table, crochet barred. Daley won by scoring 1,001 points to Davis' 631.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOUR MILE WALKING MATCH.—A match for £10, distance four miles, took place in the metropolitan district, England, on March 24th, between J. Adams, of Barnsbury, and J. Harrison, of Highgate. Harrison at once shot in front, and led by a yard until they entered upon the last circuit. Here, for the first time, Adams went in advance, and maintained the lead for about 100 yards, when once more Harrison came to the fore, and kept his lead until ten yards from home, Adams, in the last stride, landing himself first by a foot only, amidst much cheering. The time of the first mile was 8min. 33sec., two miles 17min. 10sec., three miles 25min. 50sec., and the four miles 34min. 23sec.

WESTON'S ONE HUNDRED MILE FEAT.—Concerning the recent pedestrian exploit performed by Edward P. Weston, the reporter of the Buffalo *Courier*, who formed one of the party accompanying him, gives the following additional details, which are somewhat different from the meagre telegraphic accounts received in season for our last issue. Read the extract: "Buffalo, that is the city limits, was reached at thirteen minutes past four, the hundred miles being fully completed at this point in forty-seven minutes less than twenty-four hours. The crowd attending from there was very large, notwithstanding the driving snow-storm, which had been increasing in violence since its beginning. The Ohio street toll bridge was struck at 4.37. Thence, guarded by a squad of policemen, Weston moved rapidly along Ohio street, arriving at the foot of Main street at 4.58. Up Main street it was difficult walking, several thousand people accompanying, and crowding upon Weston despite the efforts of the police squad. The popular interest seemed even greater than when he passed through on his way to Chicago. He moved up Main to Seneca street and down the latter to the Post Office, reaching that building, a distance of certainly 163 miles from his starting point, at seven minutes after five o'clock."

MERCANTILE PEDESTRIANS.—A discussion lately arose between a brace of Chatham street merchants in regard to their relative abilities as pedalistic travelers, which finally terminated in an agreement to decide the mooted point in the manifestly only proper way—by a trial of speed and endurance. They are to walk, in the course of a fortnight, from Chatham Square to Harlem Bridge and return, and the incentive to exertion is a spread in Delmonico's most approved style. Both parties are about six feet in altitude, and accordingly some "tall" walking is anticipated by their friends, who are much exercised over the affair.

A FEMALE PEDESTRIAN.—The latest sensation in pedestrian circles, and all other for that matter, in the Mound City, is the undertaking of a lady named Mrs. Harry Thomas to walk one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. She was to attempt the feat on the 6th inst. at the Concordia Park, and a large crowd of persons gathered there on the afternoon named to witness the start, including several well known gymnasts and a school of the rising generation of both sexes who practice gymnastic exercises, accompanied by their teachers. The attempt was not made at the period designated, however, on account of the unpropitiousness of the weather. Nevertheless, she was on the ground selected for the accomplishment of the feat (the Concordia Park), and walked four and a half miles in one hour. She was attired in a neat and appropriate manner. Having done this much merely for practice, she stopped, when it was announced that the feat would be commenced at 12 o'clock M., on Monday, 13th inst. The course selected to walk upon is somewhat uneven and rough, measures one-eighth of a mile, and in general outline is elliptical.

AN ANCIENT FEMININE PEDESTRIAN.—An old woman, over ninety years of age, passed through Charleston a few days ago on a pedestrian trip from South Carolina to the mountains of Virginia. They beats Bates.

BASE BALL.

THE GAME IN CINCINNATI.

The ball players of Cincinnati are making great preparations for the approaching campaign, and what with the anticipated visit of the Athletics and Atlantics, and the great struggle for supremacy between the Cincinnati and Buckeye Clubs, everything betokens a lively season. The additions that have been made to the Cincinnati and Buckeye Clubs by players from New York and vicinity, will render them more able to cope with the crack clubs of the East who are expected to visit them. Harry Wright, the captain of the Cincinnatians, who has been in New York for some time past engaging players for his club, left for home last week, having taken his pick of the available material in the market. Hatfield, considered by many the best general player in the country, and last season the second baseman of the Mutual club; Waterman, also from the Mutuals, and one of the best third basemen in the country, and Asa Brainard, one of the old Excelsiors, and lately from the National Club of Washington—a first-class pitcher and second baseman—comprise the stars added to the Cincinnati Club through the diplomacy of Harry Wright. Frank Swift, of skating renown, is also spoken of as having been added to the Cincinnatians. Frank has no reputation hereabouts as a ballist, but as he is young, active and skilful, and probably has had some experience in a junior club, he will undoubtedly be an acquisition. This will make the Cincinnati nine about as follows:—Hatfield, catcher; Wright, pitcher; Gould, first; Brainard, second; Waterman, third; Howe, short; and Ring, Storer, Grant, Cameron and Swift to choose from for the field. With Harry Wright as captain, this nine should not fail of success. Among the new features of the Union Park, the ball field of the Cincinnati Club, will be the adoption of a rule to prevent gambling on their grounds during the playing of match games. Any persons detected in making wagers will be promptly ejected from the enclosure.

The Buckeye Club stands next the Cincinnati in playing strength, and will strive hard to wrest the championship of the State from their rivals. To this end they have also added several first-class Eastern players to their already strong nine. Dockney, of the Eurekas; Fisher, of the West Philadelphia, and Leonard and Sweery, of the Irvingtons, are the new additions. Fisher is a first-class swift pitcher; Dockney a catcher with few equals; Leonard a fine third baseman, and Sweery one of the best second base players in the profession. The balance of the nine will be selected from such players as Wm. Wright, Brookshaw, Meagher, John Boake, Geo. Smith, Scheidemantle, Tallon, Mack and Bowman. The Buckeyes will open the season on the 18th inst. in a match game with the Live Oak Club, and on the 25th they will play the Great Westerns. The Live Oak Club is another crack organization of Porkopolis. They have also been trying to strengthen their nine by additions from the East, the latest ward, the swift pitcher of the Empire Club of this city, will probably join them. This will make their nine as follows:—Beckler, catcher; Ward, pitcher; M. Bertie, first; L. Bertie, second; Bowman, third; Lou Gurieck, short; Brockway, left; Skiff, centre; Langworthy, right. The first important match of the season will be between the Cincinnatis and Buckeyes. It will take place on the 16th of May, and will be a grand trial of skill that will excite as much attention in the West as that of the meeting between the Atlantic and Union Clubs in the East.

The ball opens Saturday, the 18th inst., on the Union Grounds, Cincinnatis against the field. A tremendous field will be mustered against the "Red Stockings," and they will have all they can do to conquer, we are told.

THE GAME IN BOSTON

The ball tossers of the "Hub" opened play for the season of 1868 on the 2d inst. On that day a game was played between two nines of the Trimountain Club, Messrs. Barrow and Saltzman acting as captains. Five innings were played, the result being in favor of the former's side by 43 to 15. The Trimountain nine will be the same as they had in the field in the latter part of last season. The only change will be the addition of Thomas, said to be formerly of the Eckfords, who will play first base.

THE GAME IN THE SOUTH.

On Saturday, the 4th inst., the season was commenced in Washington, D. C., by a game between the Perseverance Club, of that city, and Pocahontas Club, of Columbia College, which resulted in a victory for the Perseverance boys.

On the same day, at Alexandria, Va., a game was played between two clubs attached to St. John's Academy, with the following score:—Second nine of Constitution, 40; first nine of Academy, 19.

In regard to the prospects of the game in Washington, and the probable composition of the National nine, a correspondent, who seems to be pretty well posted, sends us the following:—"At present it is very difficult to tell what the National nine will be for the coming season. Norton is captain of the nine and selects his players, Fox, Parker, Studley, Gibney, Berthrong, Bustimentie, Finney, Williams, Hodges and two others that I am not at liberty to name now, compose the list from which he can draw. As soon as the selection is made I will inform you. The Olympics played their opening game on Saturday, but it was considerably mixed—Finney, Studley and Gibney, of the Nationals; Lask and Foster, of the National, Jr., Kinline and Sylvester of the Union, taking part to make the necessary number of players. The Olympics have lost McLean from their nine this year, but gained Waddie Beach, formerly of the Eckfords, of Brooklyn. They also consolidated with the Interior Club a short time since, thus securing one or two good players. They talk loudly of defeating the Nationals this season and winning the championship of the South."

THE MUTUALS AND THEIR NEW GROUND.

The Mutual Club some weeks ago leased the old Satellite ground, Williamsburgh, whereon to play their match games. They moved their traps from the old club-room at Hoboken, and fitted up their new quarters in a neat manner. The members and friends of the club were felicitating themselves on the bright prospects before them, and nothing further remained for them to do but to call together their champion nine and "walk over" the course. On Monday, April 6, the committee called upon the lessees of the Satellite ground to have the documents signed, sealed and delivered, and learned, to their dismay, that a New York lawyer had bought a couple of lots in a portion of the ground which would entirely preclude the possibility of ball playing. Ex-Coroner Wildey, Mike Norton, Tony Hortmann, Wm. Tweed, and other well-known members of the club, were soon in conference, and a "council of war" was held. Judge Barnard was appealed to to grant an "injunction" in the premises, and Judge Curtis, another well-known friend of the club, interested himself in the case. It was generally supposed that the proprietors of the Union Ground, Mr. Cammeyer, where the Mutuals played last season, was at the bottom of the matter, and so the boys turned their attention to him to see how they could get even. The proposition was advanced to have their friends in the State Legislature pass a bill running a street through the Union Ground, and thus bring Cammeyer to his senses. But upon reflection it was resolved to see the gentleman who had sold the lots and the gentleman who had bought them. It turned out that a Mr. Wyckoff, of Brooklyn, was the owner of most of the lots, and that he had sold the ones in question to Mr. John Stout, of New York. After considerable "talk," Mr. Wyckoff assured the Mutual gentlemen that if they could make any satisfactory arrangement with Mr. Stout he would agree not to sell any other lots until after the ball season. Mr. Stout was called upon, and, for an advance of $600 on the purchase money, agreed to sell the lots in question. Highly elated with the success of their diplomacy the Mutuals were congratulating themselves that their tribulations were at an end, when presto! the grand transformation scene occurred, and in stepped a courier from the Wyckoff camp with the intelligence that that gentleman had backed clean down from his promises, and that upon no conditions would he allow the club to occupy the ground. Language fails to describe the astonishment and indignation of the Mutuals and their friends at this announcement. This last act in the drama occurred on Monday, 13th inst., and in our next we shall be able to lay before our readers some more important particulars of the transaction.

OPENING DAY AT THE CAPITOLINE GROUND.

The season was inaugurated at the Capitoline Ground on Monday, April 6, by a game between the Mohawk Club 2nd a field nine. No very brilliant play was exhibited during the game, but it served to open the season, and, as far as that went, was a success. Owing to the snow storm of the previous Saturday, the friends of the club and most of the players supposed that the affair would be postponed, and for this reason the attendance was not large. We give the score of the game:—

FIELD NINE.	C.	R.	MOHAWK.	O.	R.
Darnell, p.	2	0	Tracy, c f.	5	1
Belton, 3d b.	2	0	J. Steiner, c.	1	4
York, 2d b.	1	1	Kelly, c.	1	4
Jackson, o.	2	0	Hall, s s.	1	4
Davidson, r f.	1	1	Hoagland, 1 f.	2	3
Brown, f.	1	0	A. Steiner, 1st b.	2	3
Fox, 1 f.	2	0	Booth, r f.	2	3
Gardner, f.	2	0	Foster, 2d b.	0	4
Hall, 1st b.	1	1	Smith, 3d b.	2	0
Eddy, c f.	1	1			
Mulford, s s.	0	1	Total.	15	27
Total.	15	5			

INNINGS.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	th.
Field.	0	0	3	2	0—5
Mohawk.	1	5	1	15	5—27

Fly catches—A. Steiner, 2; Booth, 1; Eddy, 1. Umpire—Mr. Gill, of the Oriental Club of New York. Time of game—One hour and forty minutes.

THE TOURNAMENT AT NIAGARA FALLS.

The proposed tourney at Niagara Falls is assuming more importance every day. The hotels, business men and private citizens are subscribing to the project in a spirit of liberality, and the affair it is thought will be a great success. An effort is being made to buy a tract of sixty acres of ground, to be used as a trotting park, and if the project is successful the tourney will be held at this place. A wealthy private citizen by the name of Banker is going to give a gold medal or pin to the player making the most home runs. The prize will be gotten up in New York, and will cost about $50. The proprietor of the International Hotel has already subscribed $500, and in addition intends to give a handsome prize. The hotel keepers will reduce their charges to clubs to the lowest figures, and the Central, Erie and other roads intend issuing excursion tickets at reduced rates. The Niagara folks are desirous to see the champion Unions present at this tournay, but they have not decided whether they will go as yet.

THE "HAYMAKERS."—The Union Club, of Lansingburgh, N. Y.—the famous "Haymakers"—who defeated the National, Eureka, Irvington and Union Clubs last season, are preparing for an active campaign. They have thoroughly reorganized for the coming season, and with the addition of a swift pitcher to their nine, intend to do battle with the strongest clubs in the country. They will take a leading part in the grand tournament at Niagara Falls, and we mistake the club wofully if they do not carry off the honors from all the Western and Central New York clubs. At their annual election, the Unions selected Mr. James McKeon, of Troy, as their President, and as he is an ardent admirer of the game and a man of means, he will be the "right man in the right place." The Union nine will be as follows:—Craver, catcher; Waters, pitcher; Leavenworth, first base; Ward, second base; Penfield, third base; McAtee, short stop; J. King, left field; M. King, centre field; Abrams, right field.

NATIONAL CLUB OF ALBANY.—At the annual meeting of this fine club, of the Capital City, held last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, S. L. Stimson; Vice President, Col. M. Nolan; Recording Secretary, James Cameron; Corresponding Secretary, H. W. Barfield; Treasurer, F. H. Lawrence; Financial Secretary, A. W. Street. Directors—J. Townsend Lansing, J. P. S. Briant, H. P. Ross, J. Meredith Reese, Jr., Howard Wood, H. B. Whitman, J. L. Van Valkenburgh.

WAMSUTTA CLUB OF NEW BEDFORD.—At the annual meeting of the Wamsutta Club, the following list of officers was chosen for the ensuing year:—President, Gilbert Allen; Vice President, Isaac W. Benjamin; Secretary, S. Van Campen; Treasurer, James H. C. Richmond; Director, Charles H. Lawton.

AT THE SEMI-ANNUAL meeting of the Olympic Base Ball Club, of Washington, April 9th, nearly fifty members were present. An election for officers was held, resulting as follows:—J. Irving Burns, President; George A. C. Smith, Vice President; H. C. Darragh, Recording Secretary; F. A. Schmidt, Corresponding Secretary; N. K. E. Young, Treasurer; James Allen, Scorer; and L. A. Brandebury, William C. McGowan, A. Y. Leech, and G. A. C. Smith, Directors.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB, of Chicago, held their annual meeting last week for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year, with the following result:—President, W. Sprague; Vice President, S. P. Fountleroy; Treasurer, E. Scates; Secretary, J. R. Sheldon; Board of Directors, Burwell, Sweeney and Oragis.

BATTING AMONG UNCLE SAM'S BOYS.

A number of the athletically inclined rank and file of the 7th U. S. Cavalry and 5th U. S. Infantry, now stationed at Fort Wallace, Kansas, recently organized two ball clubs, and on the 3d inst. played their second match game for a purse subscribed by the shoulder-straps of the garrison. We subjoin the score:—

BEACHER.	R.	L.	KEOGH.	R.	L.
Burns, p.	2	7	Lowe, p.	4	5
Yager, c.	6	7	Steel, c.	3	5
Canady, s s.	3	9	Gaffney, s s.	4	6
Benton, 1st b.	5	7	Townley, 1st b.	2	6
[illegible], 2d b.	5	8	Taylor, 2d b.	2	6
Bonner, 3d b.	2	8	Olley, 3d b.	3	4
Marion, r f.	4	7	Reynolds, r f.	3	5
Stevens, c f.	1	10	Strahlie, c f.	4	3
Chase, l f.	1	10	Collins, l f.	3	5
Total.	31		Total.	30	45

Flies caught—Beecher—Burns, 3; Canady, 5; Benton, 1; Rhen, 1; Marion, 1; Chase, 1. Keogh—Lowe, 4; Gaffney, 1; Reynolds, 1; Strahlie, 1; Collins, 2.

BASE BALL BELTS are useful and ornamental as part of the player's uniform, and those wishing to improve their personal appearance should not fail to get one. For where and of whom, see Philip Hill's advertisement in another column.

THE GAME IN ROCHESTER.—The season was opened Thursday, April 9th, by the Rochester, Jr. Club against a Field Nine, which resulted in a victory for the Rochester by a score of 11 to 9 in 8 innings. The Rochester nine for the coming season are:—G. Lenard, c; C. Switzer, p; R. Shannon, 1st b; R. Calder, 2d b; J. Reed, 3d b; J. Calder, l f; E. Wood, c f; C. Russel, r f; and H. Johnson, s s.

ATLANTICS VS. ATHLETICS.—The Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury* says:—"The Atlantics have sent word to this city that they are willing to open a new series of games with the Athletics. Their agents called at our office last week and stated this fact. The Atlantics are willing to concede the opening game to the Athletics. The latter say that they challenged the Atlantics some time ago, but have not as yet received any reply. They desire, also, that the business shall be arranged through the proper officers of the clubs to whom this business is entrusted. ..... Dan Kleinfelder has charge of the Athletic's ground this season ..... Quite a number of folks were disappointed on the 11th, over the Athletic nine not making their appearance in the "Jarseys," where it was rumored they were to engage a splendid field. Weaver, late of the West Philadelphia Club, will play with the Keystone this season ..... Schaffer, a newly elected member of the Athletic Club, is said to be a snorter at the bat, and a screamer in the field."

MR STOCKMAN, who was incorrectly reported in our last as going with the Actives this season, desires us to state that he is still attached to the Irvington Club, and intends to remain with them some time.

NEW ENGLAND CHAMPION BAT.—We have received from L. S. Conner, of Westfield, Mass., a fine specimen base ball bat. It is of exceeding lightness, and made of a wood that is very tough. The handle is wound with twine, and as the bat is of regulation size, and shapely in its proportions, it will undoubtedly be popular. As the present is accompanied by a request that we should "test" it, we propose to offer it as a prize to the player making the best score on the occasion of the opening day of the Atlantic Club.

THE BASE BALL GUIDE.—This neat little work, by M. J. Kelly, the well-known base ball reporter, has been issued by R. M. De Witt, 13 Frankfort street. Mr. Kelly strikes out a new path for himself in his new enterprise, and has given the ballists a very useful work. Just now, when players are beginning to familiarize themselves with the new rules of the game, and their interpretation, Mr. Kelly's book is a timely affair.

CLUBS TRUMPS ON JULY 4TH.—The Americus Club, of Philadelphia, intend visiting this city on the 4th of July next, understand, to attend the session of the National Democratic Convention. The Keystone and Young Men's Keystone Clubs also intend visiting us at the same time.

ST. LOUIS BASE BALL.—At a meeting of the Empire B. B. Club, held April 7th, the following named gentlemen were elected officers:—W. S. Parr, President; J. O'Connell, Vice-President; H. J. Jones, Secretary; H. Barklege, Treasurer; N. Wirth and J. Yule, Field Captains. Directors—W. S. Parr, J. O'Connell, H. J. Jones, H. Barklege, N. Wirth, J. Yule, J. Barron, S. F. Fuller and F. Ruth.

MAPLE LEAF CLUB.—A meeting of this Western club was held at their rooms in Hamilton, Ind., on the 6th inst., when the following gentlemen were elected officers for 1868:—President, Wm. Shuttleworth; Vice President, T. C. Carroll; Secretary and Treasurer, A. Easson; Field Directors, C. Cook, E. L. Bragenor and A. Quinn.

AQUATICS.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

HAMILL WILL ROW COULTER ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

The rather sharp card published in our last issue over the signature of Henry Coulter, stating his objections to rowing at Springfield, and proposing to puff Hamill a five miler anywhere on the Monongahela or Ohio rivers, has, as anticipated, elicited an unfavorable rejoinder from the champion. The insinuations contained in the Manchester aspirant's communication in regard to the motives which impelled Jimmy to name the Springfield course—which we believe to be altogether undeserved—have naturally enough injured his feelings, and to prove that he was not so influenced he agreed to decide the question of supremacy on the Schuylkill course, as suggested by us last week. In making this suggestion we were actuated by a desire to further their own and the wishes of the public in effecting a meeting between the rival oarsmen of the West, which desideratum we perceived no other means of securing. In addition to the advantages possessed by the course in question in regard to location—thus affording opportunities for a much larger number of spectators to view the important struggle than could be gathered at any other point outside the metropolis—the water is in suitable condition for rowing at nearly all times, besides which it is more convenient to the home of the principals than any other, being less than thirteen hours' ride by rail. Coulter has apparently been very anxious to have a try with Hamill, and we hope that he will not be disposed to offer any objection to encountering the champion at the place now proposed, where we are confident he will be fully as well treated and have as good a show to win as will his antagonist. Read the latter, which is very mildly worded, under the circumstances, but a gentle reproof is usually more effective than a torrent of abusive remarks:—

PITTSBURGH, April 9, 1868.

FRANK GEORGE—Dear Sir:—I see by the papers that Coulter is anxious to row me in wishing to have the race come off at Springfield, I do not think is in very good taste, especially as he says he wants a friendly contest. However, I will waive all that, and will agree to row him over the Schuylkill course at Philadelphia, as you suggest. I hope Mr. Coulter and his friends will not charge you with anything *lucrative* in naming that course, and that it will prove satisfactory to them.

JAMES HAMILL.

BOATING MATTERS IN THE BAY STATE.—Reports from Charlestown, Mass., one of the headquarters of the rowing fraternity in New England, are very cheering for the approaching season, which there as elsewhere wears a very promising appearance—and several races are already spoken of by the ambitious oarsmen of that section of the bean eaters' paradise. T. Holmes, who won the Champion Single Scull Race of the Monument Boat Club last year, is having a double scull built by Mr. Lawler, of Chelsea. His brother Charles is to pull with him this season. They have both been in training all winter, and it is thought will make a good team. Mr. Lawler is building several new boats, one a splendid four-oared lapstreak, for four young men of Boston, well known to the boatmen here. James McLaughlin, who last year pulled in a four-oared boat, is out now with a new single scull. Wm. McLaughlin, one of the oldest watermen of that region, is getting a four-oared crew together, and is about to build a floating boat-house on the Mystic river. A grand regatta has been arranged to take place on the 17th of June, open to all, which, with proper management and the offer of liberal prizes, should bring together the leading oarsmen of the country, and can very easily be made to excel any similar affair which has taken place thereaway in former years.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.—The University crew of Yale have forwarded a formal challenge to the Harvards, proposing to row at Worcester, Mass., on July 24th, which it is thought will be accepted, if it has not been already. Of course as yet the crews have not been fully decided upon, but it is probable that the Harvard will be the same as last season, excepting Mr. Edmunds, who has graduated. There will be several changes in positions and men in the Yale boat: it is expected that Mr. Terry, of the Freshman crew, together with Mr. Coffin, will occupy seats. The Yales have broken up the club system and organized by classes, which will, it is hoped, be productive of additional races.

ANOTHER OCEAN VENTURE.—The fatal catastrophe which befe the venturesome spirits who braved the dangers of the vasty deep in the tiny vessel, John T. Ford, does not appear to have exercised any salutary effect in deterring others from following their rather foolhardy example. We hear that Captain Thomas Garrett, of Chicago, proposes to cross the Atlantic in a small boat twenty feet in length, five feet and a half breadth in beam, two feet six inches keel in gunwale, and constructed on the life boat principle. He intends to sail from Chicago, via Detroit, to Quebec, thence to St. Johns, Newfoundland, whence he will take his departure for the British channel. His only fellow-passenger will be a Newfoundland dog. He hopes to be ready to sail by the 15th of June.

IMPROVED ROW LOCK.—We have been shown a most ingenious automatic row lock, invented and patented by Capt. George W. Browne, late U. S. N., which combines all the advantages of prior inventions with others heretofore considered unattainable. Browne's row lock is permanent, noiseless and possesses the singular property of falling inboard when the rower catches a crab or the boat collides with a pier or vessel. We understand that they are being attached to the boat constructed by Mr. Ingersoll, in view of the promised international race.

ELECTION.—The annual meeting of the Winnisimet Boat Club of Chelsea, Mass., was held on the evening of the 4th inst., when the following gentlemen were chosen to serve during the ensuing year:—President, E. C. Donnell; Secretary and Treasurer, G. H. Ridlon; Captain, W. R. Bagnall, Jr.; Lieutenant, W. F. Low; Committee on Races, W. R. Bagnall, Jr., W. F. Low and G. C. Davis.

SINGLE SCULL RACE ON THE TAPIR.—The smaller fry in the boating circles of the Smoky City and vicinity are emulating the praiseworthy examples set by their fellow townsmen of greater renown, Hamill and Coulter, and busily preparing for the boating season, which will be inaugurated on the Upper Monongahela Course on the 25th inst., by a two mile sculling contest between Thos. Charlton and Thos. Irwin, of East Birmingham, Pa., for a purse of $50. They start from the foot of Joseph street and pull around Iron Works and return.

THE IVANHOE, a six-oared outrigger, which the Mutuals, of Albany, rowed in their first race against the Atalantas over the three mile course opposite the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N. J., in 1856, is advertised for sale elsewhere. We refer thereto for particulars.

HENLEY REGATTA.—The committee having charge of the Henley Regatta, which has hitherto headed the list of aquatic meetings in England, contemplate having a new eight-oared race this year, in which all first-class oarsmen are barred. The announcement has elicited the condemnation of the press and watermen of Britain, who think there are plenty of regattas open to juniors without allowing them to enter in Henley.

A LIVELY SCHOONER RACE took place in Newburg Bay, on the Hudson River, on the 8th inst. The vessels were the new schooner Albert G. Lawson, Captain A. Sackett, and the schooner Robert A. Forsyth, Captain A. Bradley. Both are of the same dimensions, the Forsyth being only two years old. The course was from Newburg dock to Cornwall. The wind blew strong from the southwest, and the vessels getting a fair start kept side by side till within two miles of Cornwall, when the Lawson passed to the advance, beating her competitor in. The race was witnessed by a large number of persons.

SWIMMING CHALLENGE—NEW YORK, April 13, '68.—Hearing that L. C. Davis, the surf swimmer, of Barnegat, N. J., wants to swim me, I would inform him that I will swim him from 30 minutes to 3 hours, for $500 to $1,000, to start from the beach, to be followed up two boats, with wrestling and rubbers in a straight line, the man covering the greatest distance to be the winner. By answering this through the CLIPPER or calling on me at R. M. Steve's carriage factory, East 31st st., N. Y., a match can be made for either of the above amounts.

THOS. T. LEESON.

WOMEN FATTENED FOR MARRIAGE.—In Tunis a girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room, shackles of gold and silver are placed upon her ankles and wrists as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore are put on the new bride's limbs, and she is fed till they are filled up to a proper thickness. The food used for this custom, worthy of the barbarians, is called drough, which is of an extraordinary fattening quality, and also famous for rendering the milk of the nurse rich and abundant. With this food and their natural dish, cascascia, the bride is literally crammed, and many actually die under the spoon. In this country cotton and India rubber, externally applied, are made to answer a similar purpose.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APRIL 20.—Dick Hollywood and Johnny Keating, $5,000 and the feather-weight championship, at catch weight.

MAY ——Barney Aaron and Patsey Sheppard, $5,000, at 120 lbs.

" ——Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole, $10,000 and the championship of America.

JULY 2.—Johnny Blackey and Hank McCotter, $1,000, the former at catch weight and the latter to be confined to 128 lbs.

AUG. 24.—Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards, $2,000, open for more, and the light-weight championship, at 124 lbs.

GRAND BOXING FESTIVAL AT THE STADT THEATRE

FOR THE

BENEFIT OF JOE COBURN, EX-CHAMPION OF AMERICA.

TREMENDOUS OUTPOURING OF THE MASSES.

COBURN SETS-TO WITH O'BALDWIN, THE IRISH GIANT.

If anything was previously lacking to demonstrate the interest with which the approaching battle royal for the Championship of America and the princely stake of ten thousand dollars, between Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole is regarded by all classes of society, that want was no longer experienced by those who attended the grand testimonial sparring and variety entertainment tendered the Eastern representative at the New Stadt Theatre, between Canal and Bayard street, on the Bowery, on the night of Saturday, 11th inst. We are confident that never before since this monster temple of the Teuton drama was thrown open to the patronage of our free and enlightened fellow-citizens of German descent and lager-drinking proclivities, has anything approximating to such a rush of humanity though its portals been witnessed as upon the occasion under consideration. When it is known that this establishment can accommodate more people than any other place of public amusement in the country—its seating capacity being 3,333, while over 4,000 can be crowded within its walls—and that on Saturday night every inch of space was occupied, while over one hundred persons were gathered upon the stage and many more turned away from the doors, those who were not present can form some idea of the character of the demonstration, which unquestionably far exceeded in strength any similar in-door entertainment ever offered in the country. Had Bandmann, the bright particular star of the sweetly-accented drama been permitted to gaze upon the vast sea of upturned, expectant faces, his tragic bosom would have heaved with sorrow over the painfully perceptible lack of discrimination which prevented the American public from properly appreciating his brilliant talents, and induced them to bestow their patronage so lavishly upon a luminary of the pugilistic firmament, while Bogumil Dawison would have stood amazed and very likely exclaimed, in the words of the moody Prince, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than we have dreamed of in our philosophy." As they weren't there, however, they were spared the mingled feelings of sorrow and regret which the unusual spectacle would have produced. The crowds that flocked of a night to enjoy the dissolving views in the "grand transformation scene" and gaze upon the lavishly-displayed personal charms of the sprites composing the far-famed "Parisienne *ballet* troupe"), in undress uniform, during the palmiest days—or nights, rather—of the "Black Crook," weren't a circumstance to

A PUGILISTIC INDICTMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

[The indictment found by the Grand Jury of New Jersey against the prize fighters deserves to live in verse. Let her live.]

We, jurymen of Jersey, find
That divers sons of sin
Against the *corpus* of John Doe
"Let fly their dexter fin."

That wilfully, unlawfully,
With force and arms to boot,
Against the peace, with ill intent,
They "smacked him in the snoot."

That having not the Jersey law
Before their eyes that day,
Against said Doe, aforesaid, they
Let sliver their "Broadway."

That with malicious thought, design,
Aim, purpose, scheme and diver ver,
In violation of the law,
They "tapped him on the ivories."

That in the face of him, John Doe,
They then their mawleys thrust,
And threatened, contrary to the law,
To bust the said Doe's "crust."

That they, hereinbefore set forth,
Did, with a blow or rap,
Endanger—this against the peace—
John Doe's "potato trap."

That they, regardless of the State,
And bent on certain sins,
Drew claret from the said John Doe,
And "took him off his pins."

Wherefore, we, Jersey Jurymen,
Do charge them with this crime,
And if we catch them in our State
We'll "knock 'em out of time."

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE THIRD.

THE LEFT HAND DRAWER.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CELL AT THE POLICE STATION.

"They locked me up, and turned the key;
They heaped the irons on to me.
If I but live, sirs, I'll be free,
And come again you all to see."

The police station to which Clam and Doubledick were conveyed under the surveillance of the constables was at no very great distance from Mrs. Warrington's house, and they had soon made the journey; but when they got there, they found a state of affairs awaiting them which was rather surprising, and not at all what they expected. They found the place too full to hold them.

Fulham is, I should think, one of the thinnest populated suburbs for its size, but there are a good many unruly people in it. There are two or three Irish colonies which now and again give the police a good deal of trouble; and upon this occasion there had been a faction fight, or a wedding, or a wake, which had wound up with some unpleasantness; and when Clam and Doubledick arrived at the station house, they found all the cells already filled with tumultuous natives of the Emerald Isle.

When they were brought in, there was so much singing, howling and swearing going on, that the inspector taking the night charges could scarcely hear himself speak.

"More of 'em?" he said, looking up.

"Not the same sort, sir. A burglary down Brown-house lane."

At this the inspector got more interested, and, taking a fresh dip of ink, prepared to take down the particulars.

"Do you know either of them?" he asked of one policeman who was used to doing duty in London.

"The elder one don't live about here, I fancy. I've seen the boy about here once or twice. I rather fancy I've seen the other one. He's a bad lot, it strikes me."

"So I am, sir," replied Dick Doubledick, "a very bad lot, indeed; I've thought so ever so long, I have. It's a wonder I haven't mended, but if I gets off this journey, blessed if I don't think it over serious."

"I am innocent, indeed, gentlemen," cried Clam, as the policeman, taking her by the collar, pushed her towards the general cell, where the prisoners were to be put with a select company of drunken Irishmen already in possession. "I was not there to commit a burglary, I only went into the garden——"

"There, that will do; you need not criminate yourself."

Perfectly bewildered, and not allowed to say a word in remonstrance, Clam was conducted by the policeman to a foul-smelling cell, and having been there deposited in company with her friend, was left in the dark amidst the yells and screeches, the drunken squabbles and hysterical moanings that were going on around them.

Some drunken Irishmen were lying about on the floor like so many animals, snoring heavily, or staring with semi-apoplectic gaze at the loop-hole that admitted the light. Poor Clam leaned up against the wall and covered her face with her hands.

"O, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

Doubledick patted her on the shoulder.

"Take it easy, Clam," said he; "that's all you can do at present. If you're innocent, all I hope is you'll be more luckier nor me."

"Did you go there to rob the house?"

"It don't much matter what I went for. I didn't get nothink."

"Mrs. Warrington did not believe me, because in the confusion I dropped the letter I brought from Arthur; but when they see him, he will tell them that what I said was true. Anyhow, Arthur will believe me. He will not think me a thief, and I shan't care what they do to me then."

"There's one or two little things I'd like to arrange, and then I shouldn't care particular what was done to *me*. There's Master Ike I must settle accounts with; and I will too, course I must."

Clam was thinking to herself:—

"Suppose, though, Arthur believes me guilty? If he should think that I was in league with these men?" And she turned fiercely upon her companion:—

"O, why—why did you follow me? Why did you seek to drag me back into the misery from which I had escaped? How could you have the heart to rob me—"

"We didn't want to rob you," retorted Dick. "How you go on!"

"Not rob me?" said the girl; "what else have you done? tell me—you who have also fought in the hard battle of life—is it so easy for a poor girl to earn an honest living in London? Is it possible for her ever to rise when once she has fallen? When the storm comes, and the ship is wrecked, a strong man may struggle with the angry waves, and, dashed back again and again from the slippery surface of the rock to which he fain would cling, make sure his hold at last, and crawl, bruised and bleeding, from without the briny monster's reach; but the weak go down with the ship, God help them! Every day in this hard-hearted city how many ships go down and all hands lost!"

The girl had spoken with increasing rapidity, and with a sort of rugged pathos which went straight to the heart of the listener. He felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, and after a fashion began to make some clumsy apology for his share of the business.

"I know I didn't oughter done it, Clam," he said; "I was a infernal waggabone: but then I've mostly been that way since my earliest recollection. I've had my virtuous moments, though; and you know about three year ago, you might a' had me, they wanted me to join in robbing your father's pal who brought you the money, I cried off. I ought to be hanged now for going in to rob your gov'nor and getting you into this trouble. It'll be just like my luck, some day, if I'm hanged for something somebody else has done. But nobody won't grumble if I don't."

"I do not understand what you say," said Clam. "What was that about my father?"

"The gold-digging gent with the tawny beard as you showed the way to that night old Graveling disappeared so very mysterious."

"I did not know he came from my father. Who was he?"

"What, the gent? I don't know exactly."

"Who was my father, I mean. What was his name?"

"You don't mean to say you don't know your father's name?" Graveling said it was Smith; but he would not tell us anything about him."

"Well, it wasn't Smith; it was Rackstraw, I believe. But I forget who the other gent was; anyhow, he turned up with a thumping sum of money, and to the best of my belief he left it behind him in the hands of Graveling, who bolted with it somewhere, from which he has never returned. But there was a party a advertised for you ever so many times; you know that, I suppose?"

"Advertised?"

"Do you mean to say you never answered the advertisements?"

"I never saw them."

"Yes, sir," the Yorkshireman replied very meekly, and then, before the policeman had hardly had time to turn his back, burst out again with:—

"And the more as us dew push around the bowl, the merr-ier we shall be!"

Upon this the policeman returned, opened the door, and looked sharply around. The countryman pretended to be asleep. The little Irish boy was still crying, so the officer relieved his mind by [illegible] the unlucky urchin's head.

"What are you hollering about?" he asked.

"I ain't a hollering," replied the victim in an injured tone.

"Don't do it agin, that's all," and he walked towards the [illegible] an angry glance around.

[illegible] be was crossing the threshold, however, an Irishman [illegible] unloop crunted loudly in the midst of a dream. The policeman shook him.

"O, it's you did it, eh?"

"What have I done, sir?" asked the Irishman, waking up frightened.

"You know well enough. Don't do it again."

"N-n-no, sir," and the policeman departed, but when he had got six yards off the cell door the old song was struck up again as loudly as ever.

"O, the merrier we shall be!"

Luckily for the musically-inclined countryman, some other charges were brought in at the moment, and their arrival distracted the policeman's attention. On this occasion it was not any more Irish laborers who had come to grief, but two persons—one decidedly old enough to have known better—who had been spending a jolly evening, and had taken more to drink than was good for them. One of them was a red-haired young man, more flashily than fashionably dressed; the other a grey-haired, disreputable old fellow of the shabby-genteel order, who wore black kid gloves, and carried an umbrella the wrong end up.

"Do you know him?" said Clam to his companion.

"The old man?"

"Yes. It's the money lender whom Arthur owed his thousand pounds to."

"It's the old fence that used to keep a rag-and-bottle shop two or three years ago. I know him. He's in that line now, they say, and puts up cracks."

"Does what?"

"Plans burglaries, you know. Finds the ready when any's wanted. Puts down as much as fifty or sixty pounds for working expenses if the job's likely to turn out a good one. What did you call him?"

"Digga."

"That's my name," said the old man, turning towards them with a drunken stare, and staggering against the policeman. "That's my name; I'm not ashamed of it. I'm a gemmelman. I say, stand steady, can't you? I'm a gem—mem—stand up—emelman."

"There's no doubt about that," observed the policeman drily. "That's why you're here, I daresay."

"I'm here," said Mr. Diggs grandly, "in consequence of a little indiscretion. I did a good stroke of business to-day—gemmely business, and took an extra glass of wine to celebra'e the occasion. I'm all right. We won't go home till morning."

"That's time enough," replied the policeman; much if you do then."

"I'm a gemmelman," continued Diggs. "I've got friends—bail me to any amount. Send for my friends. Thousands of them, sir, thousands."

But losing his balance when he had got thus far, he would have fallen to the ground had not the policeman who was holding him guided him to a seat.

"Come along," the constable observed to his mate; "he'll sober down presently. We're doing a fine business here tonight."

"He won't be lonely, any way. There's plenty of society for him."

"Such as it is."

Diggs, left to himself, granted unintelligibly to himself, occasionally addressing some abusive epithet to his companion, the red-whiskered young man; but the latter seemed too far gone to reply, and, lying huddled up in a corner of the cell, soon fell asleep.

"A very good day's work," Diggs was muttering; "five hundred pounds clear gain, and Nelly, pretty Nelly, she will be mine in spite of him. Why, there's nothing stands in the way; I'll manage that fast enough."

"Not so fast as you think," a voice said in his ear.

Diggs staggered to his feet, and found Clam confronting him.

"Who are you?" asked the money-lender. "O, that tiger fellow that half-throttled me this morning. You're in jail, are you, like your precious master, eh? I knew how it would end with you."

"I shan't be locked up for long," replied the girl, not clearly understanding him; "Mr. Warrington will not believe that I was concerned in the burglary."

"A burglary, eh! Ha! ha! you fly at high game, Master Joseph; but I admire your spirit. You're safe to be transported, then you'll be out of my way. Your master shall be got rid of too, and then my little needle-work girl——"

"Wretch!" cried Clam, and made as though she would have clutched him by the throat, but Doubledick pulled her away.

Mr. Diggs, thinking himself safe in Doubledick's presence, continued in a jeering tone:—

"When your master has gone to the dogs, as I shall take good care he will go before many months are over his head, there'll be no one to come between me and pretty Nell. She wanted to be a fine lady, you know. Lord bless you, if she'd married Warrington they'd have starved—nothing better—while I'm rich. Perhaps she may come to think she's acted wisely in not selling herself to be a poor man's drudge when she could be a rich man's——"

Clam took him by the throat and choked the half uttered word.

"You shall never live to harm her—not if I have to strangle out your sneaking life."

"Clam! Clam!" cried Doubledick, coming to the rescue; "for Heaven's sake don't do that. He ain't worth being hanged about; he really ain't."

And he pulled her off, but not before she had wrenched and twisted violently at the old man's neckerchief, so that his face grew purple and his eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets.

"Get up, you're not hurt," Dick said, pushing Diggs with his foot, then stooped down over him; "I hope you've not been too rough, Clam—he looks mortal queer. I don't feel his heart beat either. Are all the rest of them asleep?"

"I think so."

"I wish we were out of this."

"Why not have a try? That grating doesn't look very strong."

"It might be managed easy enough if it wasn't for these Irishmen. We shall wake them up, and they'll spoil it all."

"Not if we don't make too much noise. Let's try."

The policeman here looked in at the window.

"O, the merrier we shall be," sang Dick, imitating the countryman's voice.

"You'll be precious merry to-morrow morning some of you."

When the policeman had gone again, Clam and her companion commenced operations. It was not a very difficult task, but when within reach of liberty Clam hesitated.

"Will not my running away be taken as a proof that I am guilty?"

"Why so? I don't see it that way."

"It seems so to me. I think I ought to stop and face my enemies boldly."

"If you're not mad, Clam, you'll follow my advice, and take leg-ball. If you want to come back again, when you're clear out of harm's way, you can do it, only have the chances in your own hands."

"I will do as you say," replied Clam, after a moment's pause; "pray God I do right!"

Poor Clam! it was a fatal step which she was taking, as subsequent events too sadly proved.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. DIGGS SHOWS HIS TEETH.

"Is it a lion's bite that breaks out fresh
And fresh each anniversary?"

Captain Wetherwell called again about ten o'clock that morning, and asked to see Miss Featherstone. He came to inquire how Mrs. Warrington was getting on, and whether she was well enough to bear a visit. The doctor came down stairs while he was standing in the dining-room, and the captain came forward to speak to him.

"How is the patient, sir?" he asked.

The doctor shook his head and looked very serious.

"A worse case than I was inclined to think at first," he said; "a very severe shock to a system which is naturally delicate. The only hope of recovery is perfect freedom from annoyance."

"The only hope? Is it as bad as that?"

"I'm very sorry to say it is; furthermore, I regret that her illness is much aggravated by the absence of her son. I suppose he will shortly return, at least, I trust so, because if he does not come in a few hours' time I would hardly like to speak for the consequences."

The captain pulled a long face and meditatively stroked his chin with his hand.

"What's to be done?" he asked himself.

The doctor went on:—

"I do not know much of the family's private affairs. I suppose, sir, you are a friend of the family?"

"Ye-es; that is, not very intimate—"

"I'm sorry for that. I thought you might have assisted me with some information which would have helped the poor lady."

"I do not understand exactly what you would suggest, but I would do anything in the world to help her."

"We doctors are obliged to be careful in these matters. Great confidence is often reposed in us. I think, however, I may venture to speak to you then. The fact is, I expect this young Mr. Warrington is rather a loose fish—up to his eyes in debt and all that sort of thing."

"I—I believe he is somewhat embarrassed."

"To a large extent—to money lenders as well as tradesmen. I have some friends at Oxford who tell me so."

Captain Wetherwell winced at this news.

"What do you say? To money-lenders as well as tradesmen? Does he owe anything to the tradesmen at Oxford?"

"Altogether, I should say, about a thousand."

The captain drew a long breath.

"Ah, about a thousand. I believe that has since been paid."

"Since when? Curious enough, last night I was speaking to a jeweller from Oxford, and at the present moment Mr. Warrington owes him three hundred pounds."

The captain gasped again.

"The reason for my speaking upon the subject," continued the doctor, "was simply this. It occurred to me that if it were true that our young friend was thus involved, he might possibly be locked up in some sponging-house, and so unable to come home. Now if he be thus detained, he may not be able to return all day. In that case I hardly dare say what may be the result, so very critical a state is the poor lady in."

If the captain had been staggered before, he was, on receipt of this intelligence, utterly dumbfounded. Thrusting his hands down deeply into his trousers-pockets, he rambled to and fro the length of the room, biting his lips and frowning ferociously. The doctor, after waiting some time in expectation of a reply, moved towards the door.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning to you," said the captain, and the medical practitioner passed out without any further conversation.

When he was gone, the captain came to a standstill, and stopping in front of the fire, poked it furiously. Whilst so engaged, the door opened behind him, and a lady entered the room. Turning, he saw Miss Featherstone, her yellow hair very smoothly braided, her pale face very calm and composed, her dark lustrous eyes raised to his face with an earnest, steadfast, truthful sort of gaze which at the moment seemed like the sight of land to a wrecked mariner.

"This is the woman to appeal to," thought the captain. "I don't like, as a general rule, taking a woman's advice. That is, I don't like acting on it; but on this occasion curse me if I don't."

"You wanted to see me, sir?"

"Yes, Miss Featherstone, I did. Allow me to offer you a chair. Do you know, the first moment I saw you I formed a very high estimate of your powers of judgment?"

She looked puzzled, and slightly frowned.

"You are making fun of me."

"Making fun of you? Not at all. I should be a low-bred cub to take such a liberty. I'm an old man, and one of the prerogatives of age is to speak with some amount of freedom. I mean what I say. I have a great belief in your judgment, and I want to ask your opinion."

"I shall be happy to afford you any information that my very small experience has made me mistress of."

"Here it is, then. I have two thousand pounds."

Miss Featherstone opened her eyes with a quiet smile.

"It's not a tremendous sum, you may be thinking; but it is my little all, a provision for a rainy day, as the saying is. Now, when I died, it was my intention to leave this money to a young gentleman for whom I have a strong regard, unless I happened to have spent it during the wet season I have just alluded to. But it seems that the young gentleman at the present moment stands very much in need of it; and if it is to be of any use to him, it ought to be paid at once."

"In that case, supposing the rainy day should come, your proposition would be gone?"

"Exactly; and at that period, in spite of the aforesaid, the young gentleman might not then have either power or inclination to assist me."

"If I understand you rightly, you allude to Mr. Arthur Warrington?"

"I do. But this, of course, is in the strictest confidence. He is at present in jail for a debt of one thousand pounds, as I informed you a few hours ago, and I was on the point of paying for his release, when I ascertained by the greatest accident that he had other debts besides to a large amount."

"It is indeed hard to advise you, sir, against the interest of my dearest friend, but I should be acting unfairly to you, sir, after this display of confidence, were I not to say I think you should not spend the money in the way you propose."

"And you suggest?"

"That you should endeavor to make a compromise, and obtain a settlement for about a third of the sum. Of course I do not understand much about these matters, but I have always heard that money lenders and tradesmen make a great profit out of young men at Oxford."

The captain took the young lady's hand in his, and pressed it warmly.

"My best thanks for your kind advice. I—I have a great admiration for your business-like decision."

The fact was, it was the captain's opinion, and he was pleased to find some one of the same way of thinking. Suddenly, however, an unpleasant thought occurred to him. The poor mother! What would she do while affairs were being arranged? He mentioned his anxiety.

"I do not think she is so ill as the doctor says; and I think we can break the news to her if it is done carefully."

There was something in this answer which somewhat jarred upon the captain's ear, and he looked at her for a moment doubtfully; but soon the unfavorable impression passed away, for there was something so calm and truthful in Miss Featherstone's face, it seemed like doubting truth itself to doubt her. There came a time, however, when he remembered this faint suspicion, and remembered it with bitter regret and self-reproach.

"If we could gain a little time we should certainly be able to make a much better bargain," said the captain; "and to do this the young man ought to be in prison, and the people think that his mother would do nothing to help him."

"Suppose I speak to her?" said Miss Featherstone. "Are you in a hurry? I will do so now."

"I am not so pressed for time that I cannot wait an hour. But you will break it very gently?"

"You may depend upon that. You think I ought to do so?"

"Well, when I come to think the matter over, you see, we cannot expect to keep the secret from her very long."

"Not many hours, probably."

"No."

"The anxiety she is now suffering with regard to her son's fate! You see she does not know what has become of him, and may imagine even worse than the truth."

"That was what I was thinking."

"And still, I do not like to take the responsibility on myself. Of course I do not mean to say I would shirk the performance of a duty because it is painful, but—but—you understand."

He did not understand in the least, but he said encouragingly—

"Yes, yes."

"If you say I am to tell her, sir, I will."

"Yes, yes; tell her by all means."

"Very well."

She left him with this, and he sat down and reflected. To the best of his recollection it was she who had first started the idea of telling the old lady, but now she was doing so entirely on his authority, and at his persuasion against her own judgment.

"Hang me if I like the business," he thought, and sat fidgeting before the fire.

"It's horribly close in here!" he cried out presently, and went and opened the window.

Whilst he was doing so, a sound from the room above reached his ears. A long, low, wailing cry. He stood transfixed and listened. Scarcely a moment afterwards the door opened and Miss Featherstone entered, her face a shade whiter than was its wont.

"Sir, there's not a moment to be lost. The doctor! That fatal thought of yours! The poor lady, it has killed her!"

The poor captain was so distressed by this intelligence that he could not grapple with the artfulness of the young lady's behavior to him.

"What shall I do?"

"Will you fetch the doctor?"

"Yes, yes; I'd better do that."

Then, having learnt the address of the medical man, he set off at a hard gallop to bring him back, finding some relief for his feelings in the violent exercise. Luckily he found the doctor in, and they came back in the latter's brougham. When they arrived at the house, they found Mrs. Warrington in a most dangerous condition.

"If the young fellow wants to see his mother at all in this world," he said, "he must not lose many hours before he comes home."

"I fear that will be impossible," said Miss Featherstone, who overheard the remark, but the captain broke in:—

"By heavens, he must come at any cost! Yes, he must come!"

The others looked at him in surprise, but he offered no explanation, banged on his hat again, and left the room. On the road the doctor overtook him.

"Which way are you going, sir? Can I give you a lift?"

"I am going towards town. If you could take me to some place where I could get a cab, I should be much obliged."

The doctor's carriage traveled at a brisk pace, but it did not go half fast enough for the captain's impatience. In due course he was sitting in a hansom cab, and roaring his directions to the driver:—

"Go like the devil!"

He drove first to his lodgings for his check book, and then to a city bank, and from thence to the sponging-house in Cursitor street, where his young friend was languishing in durance vile. There he found Nelly.

"Go home, my dear," the old man said, a little impatiently. "I want to take this young gentleman away with me. You shall see him again by and by."

"What do you mean, captain?" asked Arthur. "Where are you going to take me?"

"Home. I'll tell you why on the way. Come along—everything's paid. Let's be off."

Hearing that her lover was free, Nelly burst into tears, and Arthur had to stoop down and whisper comfort. At this the captain waxed impatient.

"All this time your mother's dying most likely," he blurted out, but next moment Arthur's distress made him repent his hastiness.

They were not very long in performing the journey to Fulham. But the delays before starting in getting the check cashed, paying the debt, &c., had occupied a good deal of time, and it was past noon when they arrived. Mr. Diggs had got there before them. He had called about half an hour since, and wanted to see Mrs. Warrington. Hearing that she was too ill to grant him an interview, he wanted to know whether there was any one else he could see, because his business was of importance.

"At any rate, take my name up," said he. "The lady will decide for herself then whether she can see me or not."

The doctor had returned by this time, having been obliged to leave to pay another visit, and was watching anxiously at the bedside. He came down stairs presently, and Mr. Diggs addressed him:—

"It was an appointment the lady made with me," he said, "to pay me a thousand pounds."

"I'm afraid you will be disappointed this morning," said the doctor; "that was the money which was stolen last night, I suppose."

Diggs knew all this and was not at all disappointed, but he shook his head and sighed.

"Poor young man!" he said.

"What do you mean?" asked the doctor.

"I mean that I fear you will see no more of—said he man"; get out of prison, then, so quickly as he expected."

The doctor was just on the point of asking for further particulars, when the door opened behind him and the captain and Arthur entered the room. At sight of the latter Mr. Diggs' jaws lengthened.

"What do you want here?" asked Arthur, fiercely.

Mr. Diggs picked up his hat, and looked towards the door uneasily.

"I wanted my money, sir," he said.

"This was not the proper place to come for it."

"Yes, sir, your mother promised me——"

"You had the audacity——"

"I'm sure I meant no harm."

"You will find your money waiting for you in Cursitor street. Since you have taken the liberty of calling here, I shall take another liberty, and that is the liberty of kicking you out. That may act as a warning to you in future."

Hearing this dreadful threat, Mr. Diggs' fear was so great that his knees trembled and smote together beneath him. Arthur opened the door and simply said "Get out." Then Mr. Diggs got out with all the alacrity of which he was capable, unfortunately, however, dropping his hat in so doing, and tumbling over it when he tried to pick it up. This stooping posture on the money lender's part was taken advantage of by Arthur Warrington, and Mr. Diggs performed the rest of his journey at even a more rapid pace, and he never stopped until he was safe beyond the outer gate. But then he paused, and clenching his fist, shook it in the air.

"Curse you! curse you!" he cried, "I'll be revenged, I'll be revenged! By heavens I will, if it costs me the last penny I have in the world!"

And he snarled like a savage dog as he crawled away. Scarcely had he gone from the house when Miss Featherstone came downstairs to beg the doctor to come back at once to see his patient. Arthur would have gone, too, but the doctor bade him stay.

"O, Arthur," said Miss Featherstone, "I am so glad you are come. How was it managed?"

"Ask my good friend here," said Arthur.

Upon this she turned to the captain, and something like an angry flush crossed her pale face, which, the sunlight being behind him, was hidden in the shade. The bell upstairs was at this moment ringing violently, and she hurried away. A minute afterwards she called out:—

"Arthur! Arthur!!"

He ran upstairs, and the captain in a tremble listened. There was a great cry, the sound of a man sobbing, then a deep silence. The lady was dead.

* * * * *

That afternoon the detective called, and asked to see Mr. Arthur Warrington. When, however, he heard what had happened, he said that he would call some other time. Passing out into the garden again, he met Miss Featherstone. She bowed to him very graciously.

"Good day, Mr. Hardway. Any more news?"

"A little. We're working steadily. We have hopes."

"Hopes of recovering the money?"

"I can hardly say that. Still, there's no knowing."

"Poor lady! she could ill afford to lose it; and her son, he requires every shilling that is his."

"It was a cruel robbery," said the policeman, and he fixed his eyes very steadfastly upon Miss Featherstone's face, "a cruel and heartless robbery."

"Robberies are always cruel and heartless," said Miss Featherstone.

"Some are worse than others."

"I dare say. Happily, my experience on the subject is very limited."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the policeman to himself as he walked away.

Miss Featherstone looked after him, and smiled grimly.

"He has his notions, the intelligent officer," she said. "I think I can read him, though; yes, I think I can."

* * * * * * *

Miss Featherstone was right in saying that Arthur Warrington had need of all the money he was master of. Although the thousand pounds owing to Mr. Diggs had been paid, other money was owing. What the doctor had said about the Oxford tradesmen was quite correct, and the fact was known to other persons besides the doctor. Among others, to Mr. Diggs. Three days after Mrs. Warrington's death Arthur received a letter from the money-lender, demanding the immediate payment of seven hundred pounds.

"I don't owe the fellow a farthing!" cried the young man indignantly, after showing the letter to the captain.

"I expect you must," said the captain.

"How can I?"

"I can't exactly say: I'll make inquiries."

When inquiries had been made, the affair was clear enough. Mr. Diggs had been down to Oxford and bought up all Mr. Warrington's debts. He had bought them cheaply too, so that if the seven hundred pounds were paid he made nearly three hundred by the transaction.

"And if I don't get a penny of it," he said to himself, "I'll have my money's worth out of him."

When the captain brought the information he had received to his young friend, he said:—

"Well, Arthur, what shall we do?"

"Do nothing," cried Arthur. "The scoundrel cannot force his claim."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not owe him the money."

"You did not, perhaps, but you do now. There is no way out of it; it is true. How old are you?"

"I'm nearly twenty-two."

"When did you contract the debts?"

"Not six months ago."

"That hope is gone, then. You were of age when you did so, and so you must pay."

There seemed little doubt but that this would be the result. Not three days elapsed before a seedy-looking, hook-nosed personage called on Mr Arthur Warrington, and handed him the copy of a writ. Within twelve days then the money must be found. His mother's funeral scarce over, it became necessary that Arthur Warrington should look his difficulties steadily in the face and see what could be done. He had had no idea that his mother's affairs were in such a hopeless condition as they proved to be upon investigation.

She had given her prodigal every shilling she could scrape together, and had robbed herself to do so. Absolutely, without selling the furniture, there was no possible way of paying the seven hundred pounds and such of her own debts as Mrs. Warrington had left unpaid. As for the recovery of the money that had been stolen, there now seemed but little chance of that. The detective at first, it is true, was very hopeful and uncommonly mysterious.

He came to Arthur and requested that he might be allowed to search the house. Arthur said certainly; and he searched, but he found nothing to repay him for the trouble. He asked who it was Miss Featherstone's room, and his examination of this apartment was more careful than that of any other in the house. In the course of his search he found one of the planks in the floor had been recently moved.

He prised it up, and eagerly peered into the cavity. But there was nothing there. Eventually he went away, outwardly appearing to have made wonderful discoveries; inwardly vowing vengeance.

* * * * *

Miss Featherstone only waited till the funeral was over and then she said she must go. Arthur was not sorry. Somehow he had always mistrusted his mother's pale-faced housekeeper, although his mother had great esteem for her. She shook hands with him at parting, and her eyes were dim with tears.

"I have wronged her," he thought, and felt ashamed of himself and very sorry.

* * * * *

For some days past he had not been able to pay a visit to poor little Nell, but he had written her several short hurried letters. To these, much to his surprise, he had received no reply. At last he could brook his impatience no longer, but rushed off to see her. He knocked at the door and asked, out of breath, for Miss Wilson.

"She's gone, sir."

"Gone!"

"Gone a week ago. There's some letters here for her."

They were his letters, all unopened.

"Where's she gone to?" he asked.

"She went away with an old gentleman, sir, a Mr. Diggs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DRUNKEN SAILORS.

A parson once, of the Methodistic race,
With hand new stiffened and with lengthened face,
In rostrum mounted high above the rest,
In long-drawn tones his friends below addressed;
And while he made the chapel roof to roar,
Three drunken sailors reeled in at the door.
His reverence twigged them—baited fresh his trap—
New converts for Old Nick & Co. to nap!
The poor pew-opener, too, a grave old woman—
Poor did I say?—O! how I wronged the race!
His honor told me she was rich in grace.
This poor pew-opener, though, thinking right,
As soon as Neptune's sons appeared in sight,
With a preface of three dismal groans composed,
Her lips thus opened and her mind disclosed:—
"Ye wicked men, conceived and born in sin,
The gospel gates are open, enter in;
Come and be saved, ye fallen sons of Adam."
At which they all roared:—"O damn me, madam,
"Your jawing tackle's at its proper pitch;
Come out, you d——d old swab-faced noisy witch;
Go hang yourself, you squalling cat,
What humbug rig is this that now you're at?"
Words like these, uttered in a sailor's note,
Soon reached the man in black who preached by rote;
And he, though a dissenter, is what I would remark,
Being no novice, beckoned to his clerk,
Told the Amen man what to say and do.
Immediately he leaves his pew,
Goes to the sailors to do as he was bid,
Out hauls his 'bacco-box with—"Damn me, take a quid;
What cheer, my thundering bucks—how are you all?
Come in, my lads, and give your sins an overhaul!"
The sailors view'd their quids and turned their eyes,
And viewed their benefactor with surprise;
Swore he was a hearty fellow—"d——d their s——!"
So in they staggering went, cheek by jowl,
Found a snug berth, and stowed themselves away,
To hear what master blackey had to say.
His reverence preached, and groaned and preached again,
And, says my story, was not all in vain;
The plan succeeding which they had concerted,
They went in sinners and came out converted.

THE NOBLE GAME REVIEWED.

The Billiards of the Past and of the Present.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The popular notion is that Billiards, christened the Noble Game by the French, and designated by the Germans as the Game of Kings and the King of Games, is a creation of the sixteenth century. This popular notion is a popular fallacy. It has been claimed for the game that it is of French origin, the story running that one Henri Devigne invented it in the concluding third of the sixteenth century. But the claim has no substantial basis. Devigne is no more entitled to the credit of having conceived this delightful pastime than is another Frenchman—Mingot—who came after him nearly three hundred years. Mingot is believed to have introduced the cue-leather, by the aid of which what had been physical impossibilities were readily accomplished; and Devigne, so far from inventing billiards, simply constructed, at the order of his king, a billiard table which was an improvement, in several respects, upon those at that time in use.

There is little room for doubt that the Knights Templars, who were the patrons and conservators of the polite arts, were familiar with billiards. It has been asserted that the game was introduced into Europe by this organization upon their return from the first crusade. But there is evidence that billiards was known in Italy as early as the second century. Ex-Chief Justice Caton, of Illinois, in a communication addressed to the *Billiard Cue* about a year ago, unearthed a passage from O'Kelley's translation of the Abbe MacGeorghegan's "History of Ireland," in which mention is made of billiard balls of brass, and twelve chessboards with chess men and ten tric-trac. The period referred to was the reign of Cathire More, in the latter part of the first half of the second century. We might be justified in regarding the mention of billiard balls as an error on the part of the translator, especially when we consider that the received idea is that billiards originated in the sixteenth century, and at all events not earlier than the twelfth. But granting that there is nothing to support the citation from the History of Ireland, to the effect that the game was practised in that country in the year 148 at the very latest, there is additional testimony that the received idea is not the true one. From another source we derive evidence that billiards was played in Europe centuries before the reign in France of Charles VII, and even prior to the Templars' return from the Holy Land. St. Augustine relates that a young friend, upon visiting him, was surprised to see the Epistles of St. Paul lying on a billiard table. Though perhaps irreverent, it may be excusable to say, for the edification of those who are not aware that St. Augustine, before a good life entitled him to canonization, was a "sounder" of the first water—that his pious friend was not at all surprised at the billiard tables—only at the Epistles of St. Paul being found in the company of such a scapegrace as the embryo saint had been. This was in the fifth century. If the game was known in 420, why may it not have been known in the second century? as the Irish history affirms. And if known at the commencement of the second century, was it not known one hundred and fifty years earlier, and, therefore, did it not, like chess, precede Dhristianity? Admit that it did, and we can even quit Shakespeare of the charge of perpetrating a gross anachronism, where he puts these words into the mouth of the Egyptian queen, Cleopatra—"Let us to billiards!" Egypt was the fountain-head of light amusements; and it is even more probable that billiards was played at Cleopatra's court, at Alexandria, in the year 35 B. C., than in that of the Irish King in A. D. 148.

We have seen it stated, though never authenticated, that the Romans were indebted for billiards to the consul Lucullus. We have also seen it stated, but never authenticated, that the play was introduced into Rome by Caligula. If true, these statements prove not only that the game was known elsewhere than in the East prior to the return of the Templars, but also that Shakespeare did not err when he represented Cleopatra as a billiard player. Cæsar Caligula, the fourth Emperor of Rome, reigned in the first century of the Christian era. Lucius Licinius Lucullus, famous no less for his extravagance and love of amusements than for his military exploits, was the contemporary of Cleopatra, or so nearly so, that while he preceded her twenty-eight years, she survived him but eighteen. But though we are willing and may incline to believe that billiards, so far from being a comparatively modern institution, or even the offspring of the middle ages, is older than Christianity itself, we are not prepared to go as far as that artist who, in his painting of Paradise, represented Adam and Eve playing billiards!

It is not pretended, of course, that the billiards of to-day is a correct reflex of billiards eighteen hundred years ago. As the game has undergone many changes in the past one hundred years, it is a reasonable assumption that, though the principle may have been the same, (it could not well be different,) billiards as played in the seventeenth century varied materially from billiards as played in the fifth; and that the game as played in St. Augustine's time differed somewhat from the game as played by the King of Leinster, Cathire More, who, at his death in 148, bequeathed his "billiard balls of brass to Crimothan." Whether the Irish king was *au fait* in caroms, or was expert only at hazards; whether St. Augustine and his contemporaries played for amusement merely, or occasionally took a hand at pool; these are questions of little moment now-a-days, and certainly can be answered by our friends, the spiritualists, who may find it convenient, some day, to cross-examine these ancient billiardists.

We propose to abandon archæologies and enter upon a period much nearer our own; a period when billiards began to be popular and was played by the *sans culottes* as well as the nobility. In France, under Charles IX, the billiard table was a part of the furniture of the crown. The young king was an ardent worshipper at the shrine of Billiardinia; and history records that he was enjoying his favorite pastime when information came to him that a body of Huguenots were attempting to cross the Seine, at a point opposite the Louvre. This was on St. Bartholomew's day. Charles dropped his cue, abandoned the game, and, seizing an arquebus, took up a position at the famous window, which is still pointed out to visitors as a historical curiosity, whence he repeatedly fired at his rebellious subjects. Royalty has always been the patron of billiards. Henry III christened it "The noble game." Louis XI had a special regard for it. Louis XIV, we are told, was recommended for health's sake to play it, and "that which was prescribed as a remedy soon became a real enjoyment, and the billiard table participated in the majesty of the sovereign." *Le Grande Monarch*, as Louis XIV was called, having learned that a Parisian lawyer named Chamillart was a most excellent player, sent for him to come to court. The lawyer and the king were partners against two noblemen who had fancied themselves invincible. But Chamillart vanquished them easily, with the aid of his royal master; and afterwards effecting a carom off of three balls placed by Louis in a straight line, he was presented by the king with two thousand louis. As the result of this game, he was appointed minister of finance. Authorities differ as to his qualifications for this important post. It is maintained by some that he exhibited scrupulous zeal and marked ability, economizing everywhere and reducing the state debt. but Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," charges that he beggared the exchequer. But while there is no agreement as to his diplomatic and financial abilities, all authorities agree that he received his appointment mainly as a tribute to his skill at billiards, and authorities are equally agreed that he was the finest player of his time.

The tables in those days were larger than those at present in France. That upon which Louis and Chamillart played while discussing affairs of state had a marble bed. Up to 1789, the game was almost wholly confined to aristocratic circles. All kinds of restrictions were enforced to preserve it to the nobility. To keep a public billiard table it was necessary to obtain a special license, and the procurement of that license was dependent upon influence at court. Those who were accorded the privilege were designated *Billiardiers Punimiers*—men (says M. Jules Rostaing, in his introductory to M. Desire Lemaire's *Jeu de Billiard*) who kept a ground for the game of hand ball, and were authorized to keep a public billiard table. They had their statutes as well as their rules and regulations prescribed by government and granted by letters-patent. The first of these was dated 1610. The *Billiardiers Punimiers* formed a new corporation, a kind of family council, a guard of honor, under whose safeguard the royal game was permitted to the people. There were at that time but two hundred and seventy public tables in Paris. Nearly two centuries later, or in 1789, their number had not materially increased, it being less than two hundred. Latest statistics place it at [illegible] the American people have a right to complain, it is of the uniformity of their diet. Men are most healthy and more enduring in proportion as they vary their diet and take proper time to eat, to chew their food. No creature in the universe requires such a variety of food as man. The fish enters largely into the requisites of the system. It is a kind of food which refreshes the system, especially after intellectual fat

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHEN is a window like a star? When it is a sky-light.

WHAT is the dearest kind of pastry in the world? A *puff*.

WHEN is a man putting on his boots like Jupiter? When he's troubled with a tight-un (Titan).

WHAT is the difference between a donkey and a goldfinch? The one eats the *thistle* up, the other the *thistle down*.

WHERE should a captain of a packet ship keep his poultry? In the hatchway.

WHEN do 2 and 2 not make 4? When they are 22.

WHY is the treadmill like a true convert? Because its turning is the result of the man's convictions.

WHY is a man playing a barrel organ like a miller? Because he grinds powerfully upon the ears.

WHEN is one's head like a monarch? When it's aching (a king).

WHY are women extravagant in clothes? Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

WHEN may a man be said to be dressed in borrowed plumes? When he's tarred and feathered.

BREVITIES.

A CHEATING grocer should reform his weighs.

WIDOWS wear their weeds; smokers smoke theirs.

A DOCTOR'S house should have *blue pillars* in front.

THERE'S no use in distributing tracts among the untractable.

THE best of friends fall out. Our teeth are no exception.

ABNEGATION.—The virtue which teaches us to *no* ourselves.

PUT not your trust in money, but your money in trust.

TELL not your secrets in a corn field; it has thousands of ears.

THE interest of a bad debt is often paid in bad language.

EVERY nature is not a fit stock to graft a scholar on.

HEALTH is the greatest of all bodily pleasures, but the least thought of.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

IT usually falls out that those who seek others' destruction find their own.

THE hardest shower we ever experienced was a shower of hail stones.

A WOMAN had better not marry a widower, if she finds out that he is a widower by trade.

A MAN who courts a young woman in the star-light probably expects to get a wife in a twinkling.

A HUNGRY man is unmanageable. To be docile, he must, like a horse, have first had a bit in his mouth.

WANTED, two stamps of indignation, and one of true nobility.

LABOR LOST.—An organ grinder playing at the door of a deaf and dumb asylum.

A WOMAN'S heart, like the moon, should have but one man in it.

THE LEAVES of the forest are ill-bred. They are always whispering in company.

GENERALLY a love quarrel, like the name of a certain big fire-arm, ends in buss.

SPECKS upon a looking-glass don't do much harm. Many persons see best through specs.

THE swan finds the water instinctively, but man is born in ignorance of his element.

AS you stand by your young bride when you are married, so stand by her for ever afterwards.

SORROW can never wholly fill the heart that is occupied with others' welfare. Constant melancholy is rebellion.

IF you would pass for more than your value, say little. It is easier to look wise than to talk wise.

THE envious man grows base by contemplating the success of another.

LOVE, in a woman's heart, is the great red dragon that is born of the little red eggs we call sparks.

THE love shown to us when we are ill makes us realize the fact that sickness often terminates in heaven.

RESOLUTION.—There are multitudes of people who destroy themselves through irresolution. They are eternally telling about what they mean to do, but they never do it.

WITHOUT pain there could be no pleasure; without adversity no fortitude; without weariness no hope.

AS SINS proceed, they ever multiply; and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.

IT is not well to be too hasty in believing, or rejecting what is reported: to be able to suspend our judgment for awhile will save us many an error.

LIBRARIES are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.

TRULY great men never become vulgarly intimate with each other. They sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all round Olympus.

ONLY our cradle-songs, only those old cradle-songs, sounding back on the memory, soothe the sorrowful soul to slumber when it has wept itself hot and feverish.

IN free and delightful conversation, all generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called "facts." They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain.

HE who spends his whole time in sports, and calls it recreation, might appropriately wear garments all made of fringes, and eat dinners of nothing but sauces.

FEAR sometimes adds wings to the heels, and sometimes nails them to the ground and fetters them from moving.

WHAT is done from habit is done without reflection and without recollection. This explains why we are so little able to give the reasons for our past career, or to revive a remembrance of its incidents.

MERRY MOMENTS.

"COME to our succor," as the dry pump said to the water bucket.

A MONETARY MAXIM.—"Put money in thy purse," as the pick pocket said when he robbed a man of an empty one.

DEAN SWIFT, on being asked what he thought the *easiest* and yet the *most difficult* thing a man could do, replied, "*to bolt* a door!"

A T'S ITEM.—"We are coming to take tea with you," as the artilleryman said to the enemy, when he introduced his gunpowder and canister.

SHERPISH.—A Frenchman, wishing to say of a young lady that she was as gentle as a lamb, thus expressed himself, "She be mooch tame, like the *petite* mouton."

A SOL-ILOQUY.—A man complaining of a son stroke, was asked what he meant, as he looked in good health. "Twin boys by the favor of my wife," he then answered.

A WIND INSTRUMENT.—M. About, in a recent publication, says of an avaricious man, that "it had been proved that, after having kindled his fire, he stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them."

A PETITE PUN.—A diminutive attorney, named Else, once said to Jekyll, "Sir, I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel?" "No, sir, I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel; but I did say you were *little Else*."

A FOWL JOKE.—The wife of a captain of a whaler, who had been sick during the entire voyage, was asked by some friends after landing to lie down. Her reply was:—"I've been laying all the voyage, and I'd rather set now." Query.—Was she in the hatch-way?

THE MILE STONE.

Along a road two Irish lads
One summer's day were walking,
And all the while with laugh and shout
In lively strains were talking
About the fair, about the girls,
And who were best at dancing;
While at each pretty face they met
Their eyes were brightly glancing.
And as they rode for many a mile
They grew in time quite frisky;
And now and then, from lip to lip,
They passed the darling whiskey.
At length, before them in the hedge,
The roadside view commanding,
They saw, its white sides lettered o'er,
A mile stone lonely standing.
They read and quickly doffed their hats,
With sorrow in their faces;
Then turned with reverential awe
And stepped back several paces.
"Speak low, we're near the dead," said one.
"His grave we'll not be troublin';
An old man, sure; 100, and
His name is Miles from Dublin!"

WHO TOOK IT?—A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on somparing it with the invoice, found it all right, except a hammer less than the invoice. "Och! don't be troubled," said the Irish porter; "sure the nagur took it to open the hogshead with."

THE WAY TO WEALTH.—"There are two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save four thousand I must lay up two hundred a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty a year for two hundred years. Now then, which shall I do?"

A PUT ON PUTTY.—An Irish glazier was putting in a pane of glass, when a groom standing by began joking him, telling him to put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by, "Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty."

A REVEREND'S REMARK.—"My brother," said a good old backwoods preacher, "I'm gwine to preach you a plain sarment, that even wimmen can understand. You can find my text in the five verses of the two-eyed chapter of one-eyed John." It was some time before it was perceived that he meant 1st John, chap. ii.

BOARDERS BOARDED.—A Boston paper says that the people who make such a disturbance in leaving places of amusement before the performance is concluded are dwellers in cheap boarding houses, and are afraid of being locked out if they don't get home at an early hour. They wouldn't disturb an audience if they could help it, but they must get in at home, ye kno'.

TO GET A BET.—There is a story from California of burglars who at midnight climbed up to a chamber window and cautiously opened it. The occupant chanced to be awake, crept softly to the window, and, just as the robber's face appeared, presented the smooth muzzles of two revolvers, with the injunction: "You get!" "You bet," replied the house breaker, dropping and running. There is no more pithy dialogue on record.

THE TRUNDLE BED.—The balmiest sleep we ever experienced was when we were nestling in the old trundle bed, with a curly headed brother just turned out of the parent nest to make room for a new customer. The trundle bed dreams were soon at an end, and we were turned out into the world. O! where are the little heads that we have kissed a thousand times over as they nestled in the old trundle bed? Some of them have grown old and grey; and others are resting in their graves in widely separated lands. We are always sad when we think of the old trundle bed.

POSSESSED THROUGH POKER.—In the old flush times, a passenger on a river boat accosted a little negro boy with an inquiry unusual at that day, "Who do you belong to?" "Don't know, sir," answered the boy. "Why don't you know?" "When I come aboard I b'longs to Massa Sam White; but he went me last night on two little par, and de clerk of dis boat win me. Den Sol Smiff he beat de clerk on a bluff, an' he had me last; so I can't tell, sir, who I b'longs to till de game close."

JOHNS' HONESTY TESTED.—A farmer called a witness to prove the bad character of Enoch Jones, who had formerly been his near neighbor. "Well," said the counsel, "what do you know of Jones?" "I can't say that I know much about him." "Does he bear a good character?" "We didn't like him too well in our neighborhood." "We didn't suppose you did, but could you trust him or believe him under oath?" "He might tell the truth if it was to his interest." "Do you think Jones an honest man?" "I never gave him a chance to steal anything from me." "But do you think Jones would steal if he had an opportunity?" "Well, I can't say positive; but I would rather not try him." "Perhaps not; but am I to understand that you have such a poor opinion of Jones' honesty that you would be afraid to leave anything where he could steal it if he were inclined?" "No; I shouldn't be afraid—if I watched."

ANECDOTES OF DAVID GARRICK.

HOW HE RECEIVED A YOUNG ACTOR.

On one morning a letter was brought in at Southampton street, introducing a young man who wished to go on the stage. Garrick received him kindly, listened to his declamation, which was poor enough, and comforted the aspirant by telling him that his shyness was a very good sign of success. This young fellow had hung about the greenroom at Covent Garden, and for all his shyness was a pert, forward, impudent *gamin*, whose precocious talents of mimicry had been over praised by friends. He offered to "take off" some of the well known actors to show the manager his gifts.

"Nay, now," said Mr. Garrick, in his peculiar mixture of hesitation and repetition, which made his "talk" a favorite subject of imitation, "nay, now, sir, you must take care of this, for I used to call myself the first at this business." But the young fellow knew the manager's weak place. He began, leading off with Foote. The likeness amused the manager immensely, and the performance was repeated. "Hey, now! now—what—all," went on Mr. Garrick. "How—really this is—this—is—why, well, well, well; do call on me on Monday, and you may depend upon my doing all I can for you." This broken style of speech was Mr. Garrick's characteristic when addressing his inferiors, and was, in fact, his managerial manner, and may have been found very useful in helping him to a sort of vague generality, without committing him to any positive declaration. It was not a bad auxiliary for one who was asked for so much, and had to refuse so much.

On the Monday the youth came again, and was welcomed warmly. He was told that inquiries had been made about his widowed mother, and that he was to be put on the books at thirty shillings a week—a fortune indeed. The youth's name was Tate Wilkinson.

HOW HE HELPED THE NEEDY.

Murphy's family was in difficulties. His brother was going out to Jamaica. His mother was a charge on him; thus, so far as his struggles went, he was entitled to some sympathy. On this renewal of intercourse he had a farce by him, "The Upholsterer," which he began to press upon Garrick, but who was afraid to touch it from its political tone. He soon guessed, however, the meaning of this eagerness, the outfit of the brother, &c.; and this "stingy" man, who for his thrift and nearness was the butt of a hundred jesters, from Foote downward, sent a private offer of assistance—and "such an offer" as covered Murphy "with confusion." Garrick sent him a supply of money; more, too, should be forthcoming when wanted. "All I desire in return is that you will not make any speeches on the occasion. Your letter has said too much, and all I shall say is, that I am happy it is in my power to convince you how much I am yours.—D. G."

HIS COUNTRY RETREAT.

Hampton was a charming place, and it is easy to understand Garrick's delight in it—in its pleasant gardens, where the good and simple vicar would come and take counsel with Mrs. Garrick over the planting of some rare laurel cuttings; and the grounds and flower-beds, with the distant view of the Shakespeare Temple. Here we can see the host and owner in all his natural gaiety, as Miss Hawkins saw him. Sir John Hawkins would drop in on his road to town, and find the owner and Mrs. Garrick eating figs in the garden. Walpole and his Irish printer, whose fine eyes Garrick would have purchased for Drury Lane, at any price, would come over to the Temple with appropriate verses. Here, too, guests found their way down to "spend the day" and dine, and after dinner wandered in the gardens and lounged about the grounds. To them was present the figure of their host in his dark blue coat, its button holes bound with gold edging, the small cocked hat, also edged with lace, and the waistcoat free and open. The face and features were never at rest a moment. He would be sitting on the edge of the table, chatting on grave subjects to a doctor of law or music; when the wonderful eyes, darting to this side and that, would see the little boys of his guest scampering gaily round his garden, and he would shoot away in the midst of a sentence, join them, and be a boy himself in a second.

THE FRENCH FISHERMAN.

During the last war between France and England, there were a number of French officers, in an inland town, on their parole of honor. Now, one gentleman, being tired with the usual routine of eating and drinking, in order to amuse himself otherwise resolved to go a fishing. His host supplied him with a rod and line, but being in want of artificial flies, he went in search of a shop. Having found one kept by a plain, painstaking John Bull, our Frenchman entered, and with a bow, a cringe, and a shrug of the shoulders, thus began:—

"Ah, Monsieur Anglise, *commont vous portez vous?*"

"Eh, that French?" exclaimed the shop-keeper; "not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what it means."

"Bon bon, ver good; den I sal tell you, I vant dem fly."

"I dare say you do, Mounseer," replied the Englishman, "and so do a great many more of your outlandish gentry; but I'm a true born Britton, and can never consent to assist the enemies of my country to leave it, particularly when they cost us so much to keep them here."

"Ah, Monsieur, you no comprehend; I sal repeat, I vant deux fly, on de top of de vater."

"Oh, you want to fly by water, do you? Then I'm sure I cannot assist you, for we are at least a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and our canal is not navigable above ten miles from here."

"*Diable, mon Dieu!* sare, you are von stump of de block. I sal tell you once seven times over again, I vant deux fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle on de end of de long pole."

"Ay, ay! you only fly, Mounseer, by land or water, and if they catch you I'm damn'd if they won't dingle dangle you on de end of a long pole."

"*Sacre un de Dieu! la blas!* vat you mean by dat, *enfer Diable*, you are a bandit jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. Ba, ba! you are *enfronte*, and I disgrace me to parley vid you. I tell you, sare, I vant to fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle at de end of de long pole, to *la trap poisson*."

"What's that you say, you Frenchman? You'll lay a trap to poison me and my family because I won't assist you to escape? Why, the like was never heard! Here, Betty, go for the constable."

The constable soon arrived, who happened to be as ignorant as the shop-keeper, and of course it was not expected that a constable should be a scholar. Thus began the man of office:—

"What's all this? Betty has been telling me that this here Frenchman is going to poison you and your family. I should like to catch him at it, that's all. Come, come to prison, you delinquent."

"No, sare, I sal not go to de prison; take me before de—vat you call it—de ting vat nibble de grass?"

"Oh, you mean the cow?"

"No, sare, not de cow, you stump Johnny *bouf;* I mean de *cheval*, vat you ride [imitating]. Come, sare, gee up."

"Ah, ah! Oh, now I know—you mean a horse."

"No, sare, I mean de horse's vife."

"What, the mare?"

"*Oui*, bong, sare, take me to de mayor."

This request was complied with, and the French officer soon stood before the magistrate, who, by chance, happened to be better informed than his neighbor, and thus explained to the satisfaction of all parties:—"You have mistaken the intentions of this honest gentleman; he did not want to fly the country, but to go a fishing, and for that purpose went to your shop to purchase two flies, by way of bait, or, as he expressed it, to *la trap poisson*. Poisson in French means fish."

"Why, aye," replied the shopkeeper, "that may be true. You are a scholar, and so you know better than I. Poison in French may be very good fish, but give me good old English roast beef."

An Old Diver Under the Deep Waters and Among the Wrecks.

About twenty years ago Hiram Hill, then well known in Cairo, accepted employment on Messrs. Eads & Nelson's wrecking or submarine bell boats. In time he was installed as diver, and as such we propose to speak of him. He remained in the employment of Messrs. Eads & Nelson a period of eighteen years. He is now on Messrs. Dugan & Co.'s Underwriter, where we saw him yesterday, and learned something of the life of a diver. The use of a bell in diving is now discarded. The diver wears a water-tight armor over his entire person, except the head, which is covered by an inverted metalic pot, in which the head can turn and move at ease. Thick, transparent glass is fixed in front to serve as windows; and, to prevent accident, this glass is protected by steel guards or fenders. Equipped in this armor, the diver puts on a pair of lead-soled shoes, weighing each twenty pounds, lashes to his back and breast a piece of lead, weighing forty pounds, attaches the tube, through which he receives air, to the back of his head pot, and then is ready for his submarine explorations. He generally descends to the bottom of the river by the use of a ladder, but can, without incurring any risk, jump from the boat and sink to the bottom. The moment he disappears under water the air-pump commences its work of supplying him with a constant stream of fresh air. If, at any time, the air creates too great a pressure upon him, the pressure is relieved by a self-acting valve, fixed at the side of the head. If the pump does not furnish sufficient air, the diver indicates the fact by signs, and the supply is increased.

Mr. Hill informs us that he has remained under water five hours at a time. The great weight of lead fastened upon his feet and body is necessary to counteract the buoyancy of the air furnished him by the pump. While on the boat, the armor and weights form a load for a strong man. Under water they impose no realizable weight, and in no way impede motion. Mr. Hill informs us that he has, while under water, often clambered up stanchions, jumped down hatchways, a distance of twelve and fifteen feet, with much greater ease and less risk than he might have performed the same feats out of water. Taking with him his tools, he has frequently worked for hours at a time, patching up the bottom of snagged steamers, sawing boards, boring holes, driving nails, etc., with perfect ease and accuracy.

When the water is clear he can recognize shapes at a distance of two or three feet, and at a distance of six inches he can determine the different kinds of timber. When the rivers are high and the water is muddy, every thing is impenetrably black, rendering it immaterial whether his eyes are open or shut. But with him the character of the water is immaterial. He has been at the business so long that by the mere sense of touch he can instantly determine what portion of the wreck he is exploring; can cork up cracks, or patch up holes; can determine the character of the sunken cargo; pass from hatch to hatch through the hold, and do everything else under the water that an expert blind man might do on the land. He says that he breathes full and satisfactorily; that there is no stifling sensation, no odds how long he remains under. Indeed, so accustomed is he to life under water that he feels somewhat lost when his stay on land is protracted. He is of opinion that about three years of his life has been spent under water, yet he has no scales on his body, no sign of fins or gills, not even web feet. He is, to all intents and purposes, a human being, not even partaking of the nature of a merman—or any other fish.—*Cairo (Ill.) Democrat*

SCENE AT A MENAGERIE.—An exciting incident lately transpired at Mrs. Wombwell's menagerie in England. It appears that the head keeper had been going around the different wagons, giving a description of the animals, and was about to enter the one containing the collection of leopards for the purpose of putting them through their performances, when the rig ghan, a fine specimen of the antelope, alarmed, it is supposed, by the noise caused by the rush of people towards the leopards' wagon, became very restive, ran around its confine several times, and then sprang right through an aperture in the front framework of the wagon on to the ground, among the audience, a depth of about nine feet. The framework in front of the wagon is so constructed as to leave an opening of about eighteen inches wide at a height of about four feet from the bottom, in order that the animal may display its head to the visitors. On alighting it careered round the place in a desperate manner, creating the utmost consternation and alarm among those present, and an immediate rush was made to the door, many of the women screaming and fainting; others, however, perhaps better acquainted with the harmlessness of the animal, remained to watch the movements of the beautiful creature which had thus obtained its liberty. With the fleetness which is characteristic of its species, it bounded toward the camels, which were stationed at the upper end of the interior, sprang right over two or three of the largest of them, down the sides of the caravans into the elephant's apartment, and first jumped over the heads of nearly a dozen of the people, over two more of the camels, and over another man. Here a man placed himself in front of it, but it reared itself on its hind legs, and by an easy and graceful leap went over his head and again into the elephant's wagon. The elephant, not liking the intrusion, ran out, and was secured by the proprietor, who had arrived at the scene of commotion. That gentleman, fearing that the elephant might prove obstreperous, gave orders for its safe custody, and also ordered the keepers, who were at their posts at the time, to secure the nyl ghau in the elephant's wagon, which was immediately done, and his exciting adventure terminated. The animal is one of the largest and most magnificent antelopes ever exhibited, is about four feet high at the shoulders, and very powerful and resolute.

A DIAL DIALOGUE.—The words ancient and written on dials were often very expressive, though few. Over an arch, which extended across the street of old London Bridge, when houses were there, was a dial with this motto—*Time and tide stay for no man;* and on a dial opposite to the north end of Paper Buildings, in the Temple, the following short but, dmirable piece of advice—*Bagone about your business.*

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A FEROCIOUS FEMININE.

SAM JONES IN A FIX.

MATRIMONIAL SELECTION VS. AMATORIAL CHOICE.

Among the passengers on the superb mail boat United States, which arrived at her wharf from Cincinnati yesterday morning, a loving pair, who occupied one of the most elegant apartments and made altogether an aristocratic personal display, were the observed of all observers. It was a matter of doubt in the minds of their fellow voyagers whether these exquisite lovers were newly married or were just in the final prelude to that interesting event. We will, however, soon dissipate all questions on that point. When the steamer landed, the knightly gent and his lady fair took a carriage and hastened to the Louisville Hotel, that being the resort of all the more fastidious travelers. After the usual flurry with the porters about bag and baggage, the courtly gentleman went through the necessary process of registering the arrival of himself and fair partner. He registered:—"Sam Jones and lady, Piqua, Ill." We observed that the entry was traced in a very zig-zag sort of hand, which seemed to proclaim that our "young friend" was either the victim of premature palsy or sudden and violent nervous excitement. It was all elucidated shortly afterwards. The affable clerks assigned Mr. Jones and lady to one of the best rooms in the hotel, and they retired to arrange their toilets for their first breakfast in the Falls City. While they were thus occupied, thinking nor dreaming of nothing, in all probability, but the delights of a night passage "down the Ohio" and the comforts of a well managed and popular hotel, there was a commotion in the office below which was but the first mutterings of a fierce storm soon to burst upon the devoted heads of Samuel and his enamorata. The busses from the Jeffersonville depot drove up to the hotel. A richly attired and fine-looking lady alighted. Into the office she sped, and with ill-concealed perturbability scanned the register. Her eyes fell upon the undried names that had been written but twenty minutes before. There was a vengeance in her aspect, and that, blended with her elegant and lady-like presence, attracted a battery of glances from the company of bystanders. As the lady raised her head, and pointing to the register, demanded whether or not Jones was in the house, we rather suspect friend McHenry quaked until his pen tumbled from its well poised rack behind his right ear. But he recovered his equanimity and answered her question in the affirmative, adding that Mr. Jones was accompanied by his wife. The strange lady then told Mc., in emphatic voice and terms, that Jones was her lawful husband, and that the lady with him was "one more unfortunate." This gave Mc. a vivid understanding of the whole romance. How the deuce to settle the affair quietly, that was the question. It wasn't debated at much length. Phil. Judge happened in at this juncture and directed the somewhat agitated lady to the reception room, and promised her that the truant Jones should be forthcoming anon. Mrs. Sam accordingly repaired to the ladies' parlor. Having an eye to the welfare of the injured Mrs. Sam, Phil. called in Detective Gallagher, posted him, and prevailed upon him to first have an interview with Mrs. Sam. He did so, and was thoroughly satisfied that the lady's representations were true, that Sam Jones, solely and for obvious reasons, was her lawful husband, and that he had shamefully deserted her, at their home in Cincinnati, and "taken up" with the vile beauty misrepresented as his wife. At the lady's request, Mr. Gallagher summoned the guilty Jones from his "bed of roses" into the presence of his outraged better half. When the summons came it is needless to remark that Jones evinced undue shakiness and went to confront Mrs. J. very much "like the quarry slave scourged to his dungeon." Enter Jones. Gracious! what a dramatic situation! Mrs. J. no sooner beholds his form on the threshold than she unbottles her wrath—and woe to the sinning Jones. Whack! slap! bang! thud! crash! is the wild, vehement, unspoken music, and the animated picture discloses a woman wrought up to the highest pitch of frenzy, assuming all the gladiatorial attitudes, while she clasps in her hand the least of a dozen fragments of a parasol lately smashed upon the aching pate of Samuel, the recreant. The tableau is completed by the astonished figures of sundry inmates and *attaches* of the house. By persuasion Mrs. Sam was induced to subside for the time being, and the startled Samuel tremblingly crept to a remote corner of the room to await further developments of the plot. In a limited degree restored to her wonted composure, Mrs. Sam demanded the name of her abhorred substitute. Sam at first prevaricated, but a determined look and a word of authority brought forth the confession that the woman was of the corrupt species and unknown to Mrs. Sam. Detective Gallagher, readily taking in the necessities of the case, left the re-united couple to themselves and misery, and called upon the fair, frail cause of the tempest. She was as timid as a fawn, and "wanted to go home," telling the officer that Sam had brought her away and that she was without money to pay her passage. Gallagher repaired to Sam and told him to disgorge the greenbacks required by his would be mistress. He produced his wallet and was in the act of complying with the reasonable demand, when Mrs. Sam again rebelled, snatched the purse from her liege lord and informed him that he should not pay any such bills. It was with much difficulty that she was persuaded to relent. She reluctantly handed over the sum of money needed, and it was soon transferred to the palms of the affrighted charmer who had lured Samuel from his true and loving wife. At her urgent request, the aforesaid charmer was put aboard the evening mailboat, and went homeward rejoicing. Sam declined to go on the same packet, and, after considerable disputation with Mrs. Sam, he made up his mind to prolong his stay in Louisville another day. With this view he applied for accommodations for himself and wife, but, after what had transpired, he was very properly refused shelter in the Louisville Hotel. He went to another hotel, where, we understand, he was put under lock and key by his wronged but high spirited wife. They will doubtless take the first train for Cincinnati to-day. We should call this decidedly an "pretty kettle of fish." The moral is as plain as the nose on a man's face.—*Louisville Journal, April 6.*

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A TRAGICAL FIGHT FOR A WIFE.

We noticed a few days ago the killing of a man named Barrier by a man named Wilson, at Philadelphia, Neshoba County, Miss. Since then we have heard the particulars from a member of the Columbus bar, who has recently been near the scene of blood, and the facts make it one of the most terrible tragedies that has ever occurred in this section. It seems that young Barrier was engaged to be married to one of the most respectable and beautiful girls in the county. The day before the day set for the marriage Barrier met young Wilson in the street, and requested him to go with him to the Probate Office to get a marriage license. He did so. The license was obtained and Barrier left the office. Wilson also clandestinely obtained a license to marry the same girl. The company had assembled at the time and place appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, and just as all things were ready the lady was reported very sick. Chloroform, morphine and other opiates were administered to her, and in a few hours she was sufficiently revived and the marriage vows were taken. None knew at that time the cause of her sudden sickness. It was afterwards ascertained that Wilson had sent her a message not to marry Barrier. The communication so much affected her that she became ghastly pale and fainted. After the ceremony, as is the custom in that region, the new husband carried his bride to his humble home. That night the pair, after having retired to the bridal chamber, were serenaded by several friends of Wilson, and one of them demanded an interview with the bride. She saw him, and in a few minutes informed her husband that she intended to return to her father's home at once. She left with Wilson's friends, and went back to her father's house. Immediately afterwards she filed a bill for divorce, alleging that she married Barrier while under the influence of opiates. A few days after the Circuit Court was to meet, and on the first day of the court a large crowd collected at the county town. Before noon the crowd were seen rushing to one point, where something unusual was transpiring. Barrier was attracted, and approached the scene of excitement, when he discovered Wilson beating with a large stick the minister, Mr. Seal, who, a few days before, had performed the marriage ceremony between himself and Miss White. As he approached, Wilson turned, and, accosting him, said: "Do you take up this difficulty?" Barrier replied, "I do." At this revolvers were drawn and five shots exchanged. Barrier was killed dead on the spot, and Wilson dangerously, but not mortally wounded. Thus ended this terrible tragedy of real life. What must be the feelings of the ill-fated widow, Mrs. Barrier? Terrible beyond description. Truly may it be said, truth is stranger than fiction. There is in this tragedy a foundation for a thrilling romance.—*Columbus (Miss.) Sentinel.*

A CURIOUS CASE IN COURT.

LAW, HORSE RACING AND ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS.

An action was lately brought before the Lord Chief Justice at Maidstone, England, by a widow, for damages for the loss of her husband, who was killed by a runaway race horse. The horse had been entered for the Tunbridge races, and was to have been ridden by a light-weight. While cantering over the ground the horse took fright and ran away with the jockey into the town of Tunbridge, and there ran over the husband of the plaintiff and killed him. The plaintiff alleged that the owner of the horse was liable for employing a boy who was incompetent to manage the horse. The defendant alleged that he had employed a competent rider, and that it was the fault of others that his horse was frightened—a man wearing the race course and a band of Ethiopian serenaders. The Chief Justice intimated that the serenaders were the great offenders in this case, and that the deceased was also to blame for not getting out of the way when he saw the horse coming upon him. The jury found a verdict for the defendant without hesitation.

A LOVER'S REVENGE ON A REVEREND.—The following are the details of a tragedy which recently occurred near Mount Carmel, Franklin County, Indiana. They are as romantic as any novelist has invented. A young girl, the daughter of wealthy parents, was educated at one of the seminaries in Oxford, and it was the intention of her parents that she should make a match that would give her a high position in the world. She, however, fell in love with a young farmer who was quite poor. The parents forbade her having anything to say to him, but they managed to exchange letters through the assistance of a young minister. Finally they proposed to elope, but the go-between became enamored of the lady, and prevailed on her to run off with him, instead of the farmer. They eloped and were married. The grief of the farmer knew no bounds. Determined upon revenge, he armed himself with a revolver and swore that the young divine should die for his treachery. A couple of weeks ago the rivals met, and the farmer openly shot down the destroyer of his happiness. A fearful tragedy ended the fond dream of love.

A CASE OF ADULTERY.—Marvin B. Clarke, plaintiff, and Sarah Esther Clarke, defendant, brought their divorce suit before Judge Garvin in the Superior Court in this city, on the 7th inst., as the following brief report shows:—"This disgusting divorce case, which has been so frequently before this court in various phases, came up again to-day on a motion for alimony, and on an application by defendant for the custody of the child born to the parties, and which is at present in charge of the plaintiff. The old disgraceful story of counter charges of adultery and other shameless details were rehearsed as on previous occasions, the husband claiming that the wife is not a proper person to have the care of her child. Decision reserved."

A SEDUCER MURDERED.—On the 4th inst., in the Frederick County Court, in Maryland, Adam Albert was acquitted of the charge of murder, in taking the life of one Joseph Wood. The theory of the defence was that Wood had seduced both the wife and daughter of the prisoner, despoiled him of his property, and turned him out of house and home; that the killing was done in pursuit of a desire to get rid of a despotic interloper, and recover his rightful authority and dominion over the members of his own household. The jury were of one mind at the conclusion of the argument of counsel, and retired as a mere matter of form to make up their verdict.

DASTARDLY OUTRAGE.—Leonard Scroff was before Alderman Senix, of Philadelphia, on the 6th inst., charged with having committed a shameful outrage upon the person of a girl eleven years of age, at Alleghany avenue and Richmond street. It is alleged that he threw her down on the pavement at the point named, and then violated her person. Her cries attracted the attention of a policeman, who took Scroff into custody. He was committed to answer.

MANIACS IN MAINE.—Maine is trying hard to compete with other States in the divorce business. Twenty-five in Knox and fourteen in Oxford at the last term in those counties is the record of the past month, and twenty-five libels are now entered in Somerset county.

TWO TOO FOND.—John Robbins and his sister-in-law, Josephine, wife of Edward Robbins, were committed for trial by Justice Mills, of Newark, N. J., on the 7th inst., charged by the husband with living illicitly together.

NAUGHTY MAN!—Wm. Calbfleah was arrested in Philadelphia a few days since for indecently exposing his person to school children at the Falls of Schuylkill. Alderman Ramsdell held him to answer.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—Josh Billings makes a "bill" frequently in his amanuensisified mentalities, one of which is a measuration of the amenities of Agricultural Fairs in connection with the affairs at Billingsville, in reporting which he says: "There are few yoke ov oxen on the ground, several yokes of sheep, and a pile ov carrots, and some wooded work; but they didn't seem to attract any sympathy. The people seem to hanker for pure agricultural hoss trots."

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

THE MOBILE (ALA.) SPRING MEETING.

The Mobile Spring Meeting (the first of the season on the American turf) commenced on Monday, March 30th, and continued over four days. The weather was delightfully mild and enjoyable, contrasting favorably with the cold, blustering, wintry time we are enduring here in the North. The attendance was very large, and plainly evinced that the love for sports of the turf still retains its hold upon the Southern heart, although rendered dormant by the more exciting events of the war.

The first event of the opening day was for the Challenge Plate, valued at $1,500, for two year olds, $50 entrance, which was won by W. Cottrill's Puss Broadnax, walking over. The next was the Alabama Stake, mile heats, for two year olds bred in Alabama, $25 entrance, $250 added by the club. It was won by T. B. Patterson's ch c Wisenhunt, beating H. W. Broadnax's b c by Daniel Boone and E. Warwick's b f by Sherrod. The Boone colt won the first heat, and Wisenhunt the second and third. Time, 1:55½; 1:56½; 1:58¾.

The Magnolia Stake, for all ages, mile heats, three in five, came next, and was cleverly won by Capt. T. G. Moore's b c Gen. McMahon, beating in three straight heats E. Warwick's b h Joe Johnston and W. Cottrill's b f Jennie C. Time, 1:50; 1:50½; 1:52. This victory foreshadowed the brilliant success which attended Capt. Moore's stable throughout the meeting, for he subsequently won with Privateer, Stonewall Jackson and Fanny Cheatham.

OFFICIAL SUMMARY.

FIRST DAY, Monday, March 30.—Challenge Plate, value $1,500, for two year olds; $50 entrance, p. p., mile heats.

W. Cottrill's b f Puss Broadnax, by Daniel Boone, dam Maggie G., by Brown Dick		1
H. W. Broadnax's br c by Daniel Boone, dam Eliza Goldsby, by Wagner	pd ft	
Same, br c by Daniel Boone, dam by Brown Dick	pd ft	

Galloped over.

SAME DAY.—Alabama Stake, mile heats, for two year olds bred in Alabama; $25 entrance, p. p., club to add $250.

T. B. Patterson's ch c Wisenhunt, by Sherrod, dam by John Hunter	2	1	1
H. W. Broadnax's b c by Daniel Boone, dam by Brown Dick	1	2	2
E. Warwick's b f by Sherrod, dam Avis	3	3	dr
T. B Patterson's b c Calculus	pd	ft	

Time, 1:55½; 1:56½; 1:58¾.

SAME DAY.—Magnolia Stake, mile heats, three in five; entrance $50, p. p., for all ages; club to add $400.

T. G. Moore's b c Gen. McMahon, 4 yrs old	1	1	1
W. Cottrill's b f Jennie C., 3 yrs old	2	2	0
E. Warwick's b h Joe Johnston, 5 yrs old	3	3	0
T. G. Moore's g c Stonewall Jackson, 4 yrs old	pd	ft	
T. B. Patterson's b h Gen. Rosseau, aged	pd	ft	

Time, 1:50; 1:50½; 1:52.

On the second day (Tuesday) the two mile heat race, for a purse of $300, was contested by Captain T. G. Moore's famous b f Fanny Cheatham, and L. E. Smith's ch h Chickamauga; the beautiful sister of Harry of the West winning handily enough in two straight heats in 3:46; 3:46, without having to fully extend herself. The mile heat race, for all ages, for a purse of $200, was won by Capt. Moore's gr c Stonewall Jackson, beating Engineer, Jr., L. E. Smith and Black Crook; Engineer being second in the last heat. Time, 1:53¾; 1:50¾. This result was foreshadowed by the pool betting, as the "gallant grey" was a hot favorite before the start. The third race was for three year olds, mile heats, for a purse of $200, and was won by Mr. W. Cottrill's handsome daughter of Daniel Boone and Sigma, the b f Mollie Ingersoll, beating T. N. Fowler's b c Dallas in 2:03; 1:51¼. Summary:—

SECOND DAY.—Tuesday, March 31. Purse $300. Two mile heats, for all ages.

T. G. Moore's b f Fanny Cheatham, 3 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Laura, by Leviathan	1	1
L. E. Smith's (E. A Smith's) ch h Chickamauga, 4 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Alboni, by imp. Albion	2	2

Time, 3:46; 3:46.

SAME DAY.—Purse $200. Mile heats, for all ages.

T. G. Moore's g c Stonewall Jackson, 4 yrs old, by Lightning, dam Edith, by imp. Sovereign	1	1
E. Warwick's g h Engineer, Jr., 5 yrs old, by Engineer, dam Kate Shelby	3	2
T. B. Patterson's ch c L. E. Smith, 4 yrs old, by Revenue, dam Sea Breeze, by imp. Albion	4	3
W. Cottrill's bl c Black Crook, 3 yrs old, by Daniel Boone, dam by imp. Albion	2	4

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

John Rung,
John Morton,
Charles Vivian, (2),
Tommy Ryan,
Peter Rush,
John Webster,
Harry Holmes,
John Broughain,
John G. Adams,
Harry Tyndall,
Harry Weston,
W. G. Peterson,
L. R. Beneux,
Charlas Gayler,
Prof. Lazelle,
J. A. Herne,
Harry Stanwood,
C. W. Spencer,
R. H. Armstrong (2),
C. F. Moore (5),
G. C. Davenport,
J. C. Stewart,
John Purcell,
Tommy Moore,
Ira Holston,
Edwin Adams (3),
D. M. Moynahan,
Ned Bryant (2),
Melville H. Audrews,
James Roome,
Willie Budd (2),
Chas. Abbott,
S. D. Persse,
J. H. Anderson,
Sam Hynes,
Frank Knight,
Robert Fillard,
Peter Doud,
Billy White,
Millie Augusta,
Fanny Forrest,
Lottie Ward,
Mary Gladstone,
Theressie Berrie (2),
Annie Yeamans,
Louisa Evans,
Lizetta Bernard,
Isadore Odiorne,

J. H. Carter,
Adam Carter,
James W. Sahdford,
E. S. Tarr,
Billy Emerson,
Mark Quinlan,
A. H. Hastings,
Harry Franklin,
J. Emory Scott,
Willis Cobb,
Albert Anderson,
E. T. J. Allyns (5),
John A. Stevens,
Wm. H. Chambers,
Egbert Howe,
Joseph Murphy (2),
G. W. Harrison,
Geo. Sherry,
Harry Wharte,
Lew Cavana,
Tony Denier,
W. J. Metchcar,
C. T. Ames,
M. H. Andrews,
W. Addison,
Eddie S. Wak,
James H. Russey,
Frank Campbell,
W. F. Williams,
Lew Brimmer,
Gustavus DeYoung,
Billy Andrews,
John R. Lees,
Frederick Hanlon,
John Stricklan,
Ole Bull,
R. L. Simpson,
Gonsalvo Bishop,
H. A. Kendall,
Daniel Murray,
Julia Nelson,
Mlle. Zoe,
May Arlington,
Maggie Avery,
Carrie Wilels,
Marianne Rainford,
Emilie Melville,
Imogene Tracy,

H. S. Leslie,
James N. Harrison,
J. Wesley Hill,
Dan Shelby,
Martini Chiriski,
Harry Lowell,
J. H. O. Keane,
Marcus Ashland,
Harry Dunster,
P. Brignoli,
John Albaugh,
Dan Conner,
Frank B. Cilley,
J. G. Hernandez,
Sig. Manuel Copola,
J. B. B. Curran,
Jules Buislay,
George Twombly,
Lou Chapin,
Prof. Martino,
Leon DeBerger,
James Cummings,
Neil Bryant,
George Lascelles,
Frank Wells,
John Germon,
C. B. Reynolds,
Fayette Welch,
Harry Disbrow,
James Rapson,
Etienne Buislay,
W. M. Reeve,
Johnny Perkins,
Frank Campbell,
Harry Wilson,
J. W. Leys,
Walter Neville,
Conrad Murphy,
Frank—New Orleans,
Ella La Rue,
Leo Hudson,
Ella Weaner,
Annie Forrest,
Nellie Huntley,
Mrs. Thos. Hudson,
Estelle Potter,
Miss A. G.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, April 13, 1868.

EASTER MONDAY! Hail Easter Monday. No, hail not, we've had enough of hail for one season, dear knows. This time last week we thought we had seen the last of the snow, but alas! no; another storm set in yesterday, and hoary-headed winter was upon us again last night. But welcome Easter, with its sports and amusements. Welcome the day when those who have been leading a fast and lugubrious life during the Lenten season can throw off the sombre hues of melancholy, and awaken to a new life. Welcome the festive Easter holidays, when the theatres may look for an increase to their business, and the peripatetic showman count on a plentiful harvest, winds and weather permitting. We never thought about such things in the "halcyon days of youth." No, no, in the days of the olden time, which was our younger time, we associated Easter with nothing else but Easter eggs; we gave up everything for eggs; we would have died almost for a dyed egg. But a Guinea hen's egg was our delight. We *picked* our eggs in those times; with a Guinea hen's egg in our good right hand we'd never tire of "standing-any other boy's pint, butt, and sides agin our butt." One day, we remember it well, though our memory is not quite as tenacious as it was then, an audacious little scamp came along, and seeing us he said:—"Hello, you sir, got an egg?" "A little one," says we, careless like, as if we didn't care to gamble on it, at the same time disinterring from our long trousers pocket our favorite Guinea hen, the spots on which had been cunningly removed to prevent its character from being spotted, and to make it look like it was a common hen's production, which hadn't growed up yet. "Pick?" says 'tother chap, sassy like, and holding up a nice white egg, which looked as though it had just been laid. "Go yer' even," was our response. "Less try her," said the strange boy. "No yer don't—pick yer even. Hello, Johnny, got an egg?" This to a new comer, to impress the first boy with the necessity of "getting on" at once. "Hold up, then," said the infamous young vagabond. "A soft thing," we thought, for we *knew* that our Guinea hen would take the other easy. So we held up our pint, and he pegged away at it. He's got a good egg, we said inwardly, but we'll fetch her directly; but just at that moment click went *somebody's* egg. "That's yours," says he. "No, it ain't," we responded; so he pegged away again, and smash went our heretofore invincible Guinea hen, and the other boy took possession. We never *saw* such a strong egg as that boy's was; we offered to buy it, but he said the old hen had stopped layin' that sort, and he went away like he had done a big thing, and we couldn't see into it how a *common* hen's egg could take a Guinea hen's. A day or two afterwards we ascertained that the egg which took our'n was made of marble. We never forgave that unprincipled boy for the fraud he perpetrated on us; we think he is in Sing Sing now. Easter used to be more generally celebrated than it is now—the hens were more industrious, and eggs but a shilling a dozen; the war has changed all this, however. But let us be gay, on this festive Easter day.....Our amusement resorts come out fresh for the occasion, nearly every place giving us a change of some sort, even though the same plays be retained. There's "Humpty Dumpty" for an Olympian game, to begin with. This is the same "Humpty" of whom it was beautifully written:—

"Humpty Dumpty on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty got a fall,
And all the doctors in the land
Couldn't make Humpty Dumpty stand."

Which, if true, only serves to show the ignorance of the medical profession in the olden time, for now a Tayleure, even, has managed not only to make "Humpty" stand, but has got him off on a long run....."Our Jim" doesn't wish to interrupt us, he says, but he'd just like to know the difference between a dramatic play and base ball play. We don't intend to tell him, whereupon he says:—"Why, we are among the *eight*-ers [see Theatre] and the other among the *nine*-ers." For *once* of tender years, this is *two* good to be hidden away, and *fourth*with or hence*fourth*—we don't care which—we give it a place where all good things *ought* to be.....Have you ever danced the Can Can, boys? No? You ought to try it. There's more solid fun in it than in a whole basket of champagne. Why, if a person can't dance the Can Can dance now-a-days, he or she, else let us know, and we'll teach them again, and spoils of uneducated people say the dance is French, but, like Mr. Butler in the Impeachment Trial, "we object," and beg leave to differ with our noble friends. Read the following lines, composed expressly for this paper:—

ORIGIN OF THE CAN CAN.

Nine out of ten will say Can Can
Was brought out here from France—
But we assert 'tis American,
A merry Can Can dance.

.....Supposing the great American tragedian should declare his intentions to perform a series of his favorite characters in New York, and suppose all the theatres, and menageries, and places were offered him for the purpose, don' you think Forrest would branch out best in Wood's?.....We had occasion to glance over our "French Without a Master" the other day, for some irreverent foreigner had applied to us in a curiously-spoken French accent, which sounded just like Greek. We there discovered that the word *bete* is French for beast. Now how would it sound to call the manager of the French troupe a Beteman? Ignorant foreigners frequently come into our notice, and jabber at us with their unintelligible lingo, leaving us under the impression that they are complimenting us, or want to subscribe for the CLIPPER; but by referring to our books, after they have departed, we discover to our mortification that the imported scoundrels have been villifying us in the most shameful manner. No actor is ever guilty of such unpleasant conduct, for

A gentleman an actor is,
Unaided by his arts,
'Cause he acts well, and is withal
A fellow of *good* parts.

But an editor must stand every annoyance, especially a funny editor, as we profess to be. It is really a fearful and serious matter, this being a funny writer. We never have any enjoyment. If we go to a banquet, we never get half enough to eat, for while others are stuffing their vacant gizzards we are expected to say funny things, and be "out to set the table in a roar," because, like the humbscull Mr. Hamlet talks so much about, we are "a fellow of infinite jest." Our mind is never at rest. If we go to a theatre, our thoughts are not on the dramatic play, but on a play of words. We attended a concert a few evenings since, in company with a friend of the family. "What delightful music," said our interested companion. "A muse sick?" we ventured to respond; "it *does* seem so by the violent strains." Now although this capital off-hand squib was discharged with a report loud enough to be heard by all around us, there was no laughter such as we see credited to worse jokes than that down in Washington, and the only hand we got was a very ungentlemanly wipe across the small of our mouth. If anything we say is "seen" and laughed at, some envious devil will insinuate that he "read that years ago in a book by one Joseph Miller," a man we never heard of before, true as you're born. And still we are expected to say funny things wherever we go. We were invited to a grand clam supper at Delmonico's on Friday night last, but what with getting off jokes, and singing comic songs, the things were all swallowed up before we got a living show. We have to work our way wherever we go. We got a free pass on a Jersey railroad recently, but the indefatigable conductor put us to tending brakes, 'cause they were one man short. Another person treated upon getting going to see the "White Fawn" on an order one night during the past week. Just as we thought we had got cleverly past the doorman, he collared us, and pronounced the order a counterfeit. We told him "who we were," but he said we couldn't play *that* on *him*, as that person had gone in long ago; one google-eyed chap, standing by to watch the doorkeeper, said "Yes, *that's* so; *I* saw two of him go in when the doors first opened." Nobody seems to believe it's us. When we attempt to sneak in on the free list; we always find that some other of us has got the start, and gone in already. There's no use in trying to get "in" with a doorkeeper, for he's watched like he was a thief in the night. An editor's mind is never at rest. We've a good mind to make some rhymes about

THE EDITOR'S MIND.

The editor's mind, the editor's mind,
'Tis an encyclopedia of woe:
It fun provokes, and cracks rare jokes.
It writes so brave, indites so grave
Of church, and state, and show.

The editor's mind, the editor's mind,
Some people think has nothing to do
But 'tis always working, never shirking,
Making squibs of all kinds, to suit all minds,
Sifting the best, and giving naught but the true.

.....How do you like the CLIPPER in its new clothes? Gracious, you might think everybody was in love with it, the way the paper went off last week. As this is egg nogg day, let us all "fill high the sparkling brimmer," and drink this toast:—"The NEW YORK CLIPPER—may its sales never be less." Drank all standing.....Wonder if all the Easterly winds and storms we have had can be attributed to the advent of Easter?.....Some people assert that the moon has something to do with the weather; if it has it interferes very much with our stars. "Hic —do you, hic, see that, that, hic, mune?" said a man to us, a week or two ago, just as we emerged from Lent's Circus. "Yes," we replied, gazing fondly in the direction we are supposed to take, if we are good boys, when we die; "yes, we do." "Well, hic, both horns, hic, you see, hic, don't you, hic, are up?" "Yes." "Well, hic, when both horns are, hic, up, 'twont rain, you, hic, see, cause why, hic, the bowl's *full*—hic; but when, hic," continued our friend, with astrological gravity that would have done credit to Professor de Humbug, and at the same time vainly endeavoring to hold up an unfortunate stand of umbrellas, "but when, hic, the horn's down, hic, then the bowl's, hic, capsized, and it'll rain like, hic, h—ll." We were profoundly impressed with his astronomical powers of prediction, especially so when the next morning we awoke to find that it was raining like ——, only perhaps a little more so.....Why is the Cynocephalus like a winning race horse? Because he's having a successful run. And that reminds us that the Cynocephalus "would a tale unfold," if they'd let him, but they have either driven it in, or tied it up, for there's no sign of this equestrian's caudal appendage.

"OLIVER TWIST" was given at Wallack's during the past week with life-like reality, Mr. E. L. Davenport, Jas. W. Wallack, and Miss Rose Eytinge sustaining the principal characters. It does not seem to be the style of piece most favored by the patrons, and it gives place this week to standard comedies.

MISS FANNY HERRING is in the second week of her engagement at the Old Bowery, where she has met with a good reception.

MR. CHANFRAU closed a somewhat protracted engagement at the Broadway on the 11th. "The management has now the pleasure to announce the engagement of those world-renowned artists, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams." They open this evening in "The Fairy Circle," and "The Custom of the Country."

CHARLES DICKENS announces his five farewell readings this evening, closing his American tour on the 20th inst.

A PANTY will inaugurate a series of Italian Opera this evening at the Academy. Among the singers are Miss Minnie A. Hauck, Mme. Natalie Testa, Signor Lotti, Signor Bellini, Signor Antonucci and chorus. Carl Bergmann is musical director.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE remains quiet—nothing doing. This is bad for a new house.

FERNANDO FLEURY, a very clever impersonator of both male and female characters, and Frank Wood, a favorite song and dance performer, are to sail for England on the 15th, in the steamer City of Paris. The former has just concluded an engagement with Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, while the latter is from Fox's American, Philadelphia.

FIRE!—Butler's American Theatre was discovered on fire on Wednesday morning, 8th inst., at ten minutes past one o'clock. It was first discovered issuing from the ladies' dressing room, by Mr. Doolittle, the janitor of the building, who lived in a small house adjoining on the south. The fire was subdued in about two hours, but not before it had destroyed all the scenery and properties, and scorched and blackened the ceiling and seats in the auditorium. Every member of the company is a loser in wardrobe to the value of from $50 to $200 each. The *ballet* girls lost all their dresses. Fattie Stewart was the heaviest loser among the company. George Coes saved the greater part of his "props." The best portion of the orchestral music and David Braham's valuable violin was saved by the property man. It is impossible to state how the fire originated. Mons. La Thorne, as was his custom every night, carefully examined the premises after the performance, and everything was found to be all right. A negro watchman was then left in charge for the night, who states that, feeling hungry, he stepped out to refresh himself, and on returning found the building in flames. The property belongs to the Mechanics' School Association, and that part of it used as a place of amusement was first opened by E. P Christy's Minstrels, the proprietors making a fortune there. In 1856 the Marsh Troupe of Juvenile Comedians occupied it, followed by Henry Wood's Minstrels, then Bryants' Minstrels, who, in turn, were succeeded by Charley White as a variety place of amusement, and latterly by Robert Butler, who estimates his loss at $8,000, and is insured for $5,000. The place was well stocked with "properties" and scenery, all of which Mr. Butler had painted during his brief management of the house. The burning out of this establishment has been very unfortunate for a number of the *ballet* girls, who were dependent upon their weekly salary for the support of themselves as well as their mothers, and in some instances large families, and the destruction of all their wardrobe is a double loss, as it prevents them, without considerable outlay, from effecting engagements elsewhere. Many of the male performers are similarly situated, and a benefit ought to be gotten up at once for them, for they are fully as deserving of it as other companies similarly situated. Heretofore some manager has volunteered his establishment for that purpose, but up to the present time no one has done it for the Butler sufferers. Mr. Freligh, manager of the Bowery Theatre, was applied to by Mons. La Thorne to buy the house for one night for a benefit, but he stated that he was playing stars and could not sell the house in less than four weeks. Cannot one among our many managers offer his establishment for so worthy an object?

MARGUERITE MITCHELL, having purchased a handsome four story brown stone front residence on Fifty-fourth street, near Fifth avenue, will shortly move into it.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" has not had a fall yet; that is, there is no falling off in the attendance at the Olympic Theatre, the house being crowded each night it is played, as well as on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when there is a large number of children present, who laugh over the mishaps of Clown and Pantaloon. The skating of Carlo Augusta Rossi, as well as the dancing by Sangalli and the other artists, continue to be the features of the evening's performance. This evening E. T. Goodrich, who received a gold medal last season for skating, commences at the Olympic.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS open an engagement at the Broadway Theatre this evening in the "Fairy Circle" and the "Customs of the Country."

AMONG the new features to be introduced in the performance of the "White Fawn" this evening at Niblo's Garden, will be the *debut* of La Petite Schlager, a young lady dancer who was brought to this country some months since, but who made her *debut* in Chicago with the "Undine" party. She has since appeared in Boston in the "White Fawn." For one so young she is said to be a clever *danseuse*. New comic dances are to be introduced by the corps de *ballet*, also quite a military dance and a grotesque *ballet*. Howard Glover, a musical director from London, who arrived here a few weeks ago, will take charge of the musical department.

NED BUNTLINE, *alias* E. Z. C. Judson, was the recipient of a limited testimonial at the Cooper Institute on the 10th inst., previous to his trip to California on a temperance talking tour.

FRANK KEMBLE, of Kemble's Comedy Company, takes a benefit at the Eighth Avenue Opera House on the 15th inst. Among the volunteers are Frances and Amelia Wells, Helene, George Coes, James Wambold, Fattie Stewart and others.

THE WORRELL SISTERS' THEATRE has undergone, during the past week, quite a change in its general appearance. The stage proscenium has been set back fourteen inches on each side, making the stage a little wider; the two private boxes that were in the parquet have been reduced in size about one half, and two smaller ones erected over them in the circle. The entire auditorium has been repainted and papered, until it now presents a healthy and considerably improved appearance. The house reopens this evening with an adaptation of Offenbach's opera *bouffe* of "La Belle Helene," called "Paris and Helen, or, the Grecian Elopement," adapted by Molyneux St. John expressly for the Worrell Sisters. The burlesque will be produced with all new scenery, properties, decorations and handsome costumes, with the following cast:—Helen, Sophie Worrell; Paris, Mrs. Worrell; Orestes, Jennie Worrell; Menelaus, James Dunn; Agamemnon, George Lingard; Calchas, Welsh Edwards; Achilles, S. B. Villa; Ajax the first and second, J. Hurley and W. Forrester; Philocomenos, J. O. Neal; Glance, Lizzie Davey; Lena, Agnes Wallace; and Parthena, Miss J. Wakeman.

TIME runs on with unerring swiftness, and everything must come to an end, even the very best of things, and so is the case with the New York Circus. Next week is the last of their present season. To say the company has succeeded in making a lasting impression is not using sufficiently strong terms. The patronage bestowed upon Manager Lent proves unquestionably that his company is one of the best seen in this city for a long time. Manager Lent brings his season to a close in the height of its popularity, which our correspondent says:—"The seating, and many persons turned away unable to find room, as previous arrangements had been made for the summer campaign the season must close and those arrangements be fulfilled. Mr. Lent will have on the road this summer one of the best circuses that has ever traveled, and will give an entertainment surpassed by no other company. The last performance takes place on April 25th, and the tenting season will be inaugurated on the 27th.

THE FUNERAL of Thomas Hanlon took place from the church corner of Broome and Elizabeth streets on Thursday afternoon, 9th inst. Quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present, who listened attentively to the impressive ceremonies of Rev. Dr. Anderson, who spoke in a feeling manner of the sad event which called them together. After the services those present passed up one aisle, viewed the body, and passed out; after which the members of the New York Dramatic Club took charge of the body, and conveyed it to the receiving vault in the Second street cemetery, near Third avenue, where the remains will temporarily rest. The impressive rites of the Masonic order were performed at the cemetery. The coffin was of rosewood, and upon the lid was a wreath of immortelles. Upon the plate was "Thomas Hanlon, aged 32, died April 5, 1868." Among the bearers, March 15th, 1868, were M. B. Clarke, Thomas Morris, George Vining Bowers, Tony Denier, M. L. Finch, David Wambold, Billy Birch, William Newcomb, Mons. La Thorne, Tony Pastor, Melinda Nagle and others.

WILLIAM LINGARD, an English comedian, mimic and statue performer, lately arrived in this country, made his American *debut* at the Theatre Comique on the 6th inst. We recollect to have read of Mons. Alexandre Vattemare, that in early life he astounded various cheverns, theatres, and halls of resort/liquidum, with such success that Sir Walter Scott wrote an amusing piece of verse concerning the performance, and declared that some one ought to read the riot act to the multiform individual and *disperse him*. Mr. Lingard calls this *jeu d'esprit* to our mind, but his characters are so droll and diverting that we do not desire to disperse him. His entertainment comprises two parts, the first being called "Sketches and Sketches, and the second a Statue song, and embodies fifteen individual impersonations and vocal illustrations, with an extraordinary variety of dialect and personal peculiarities displayed in instantaneous changes of voice, look, manner and costume. From first to last his performance is a surprise, alike from the number of characters he represents, and rapidity of change, so that it would seem as if a dozen persons were engaged in doing what he alone effected by his skill and ingenuity. It would seem that the possession of his own person, accomplishments, abilities and availibities of a whole dramatic company. He disappears for a moment from the stage, and straightway a London swell, with song of "Bitter Beer; a hen-pecked husband, who is made a teetotaler against his will; an individual who has become full after his dinner, and attempts to make a speech; a London garroter with a lament, a fiery pedlar with the song of old hats, an unlucky trudesman, in which he makes many puns upon different trades, and a young lady at the seaside, with the song of "On the Beach at Long Branch," step forth to illustrate the point by their actual presence on the scene, appearing in quick succession, each part being represented with an appropriateness of accent, gesture and action which makes the spectator loth to believe that a single gentleman is, after all, the sole performer. Nothing is strained or overacted. The delineations are marked by intelligence throughout, and in some cases there are refined touches which belong to the highest class of comedy acting, while his talent for mimicry and power of adaptation, nay, of identification of character, are wonderful. His representation, both in make-up and acting, of a young lady at the sea side, is one of the best things of the kind we have ever witnessed, and is alone worth seeing, and sufficient to make him an attractive card. This concludes the part of his performance, and he has been hailed with great enthusiasm each evening. His second part, called the "Statue Song," consists of singing one verse of a song relative to some particular person, and he then appears in a most capital make-up for that personage, as follows: Fabian in the duel scene in the "Corsican Brothers," King Theodore, Sir Robert Napier, Louis Napoleon, Bonaparte, Andrew Johnson, General Grant and George Washington—eight in all. The quick changes from one character to another, and the truthful likenesses to each, were really wonderful, the most successful of which was Andy Johnson, which created roars of laughter and three hearty cheers. In fact, after he had made the change and re-appeared, the applause was so great that he was obliged to disrobe himself of the brass button coat of Grant and re-appear as Andy Johnson. Taken altogether, Mr. Lingard has met with one of the heartiest receptions that has greeted any performer from across the water for some time.

MR. AND MRS. E. L. DAVENPORT sail for California on May 1st for the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco. Harry Hawk goes by the same steamer.

GEORGE VANDENHOFF commences a series of readings in this city on the 8th inst. at Dodworth Hall.

MUSEUM CURIOSITIES are wanted by Messrs. Barnum and Wood, as will be seen by their advertisement in another column. To aid in collection Mr. Samuel Colville left for Europe in the steamship China on the 7th inst.

THE CORNER STONE of Booth's Theatre was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the afternoon of the 8th inst., by James H. Hackett. The stone, prepared in the usual manner, was swung over the position it was to occupy by means of a crane. In a cavity upon the stone beneath was placed a box containing the following:—One of the badges made in commemoration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birthday. Photograph of the bust of Saakespeare, with views of Stratford-upon-Avon. Copy of the life of Junius Brutus Booth, by his daughter, Mrs. Asia Booth Clark. Two photographs of Junius Brutus Booth, from a bust by Gould, of Boston. A miniature plaster cast of Edwin Booth. Two photographs of the same. Acting copy of "Hamlet," as prompted by Mr. Edwin Booth at the Winter Garden, in the fall of 1864, and which was performed for one hundred consecutive nights. Acting copy of Lord Lytton's play of "Richelieu," revised and produced at the Winter Garden in the fall of 1865. Two photographs of James H. Hackett, the eminent comedian. Two circulars, contributed by Mr. Hackett, in relation to the monument erected in Central Park in commemoration of the Shakespeare tercentenary. Copy of an oration in defence of the drama, by W. Cowell, delivered in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, by Mrs. Cowell. Collection of play bills of the present day. A number of ancient and modern coins. Copies of the leading daily journals of the city of New York. Copy of the complete works of William Shakespeare. Documents contributed by Mr. H. R. Delafield in reference to the "Hamlet Medal Presentation" to Mr. Edwin Booth. The box being placed in the cavity, Mr. Hackett said that in laying the corner stone he should use the same trowel that officiated when a similar ceremony took place at the Shakespeare Monument in Central Park. Judge Daly, being called upon for a speech, said he would not make a speech, but he would say this much, that from history we learned that the earliest representations of the drama were given in a booth; history repeating itself would show us, in this magnificent temple, the glorious drama still impersonated in a Booth. After a few more remarks from Judge Brady, Mr. Hackett spread the mortar over the metal box and the other part of the stone, and the stone was lowered to its resting place.

THE NINETIETH PERFORMANCE of Leon's burlesque of the "Grand Dutch S." takes place at Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall this evening. Without doubt it has proved one of the most successful Ethiopian burlesques ever witnessed in this city. Crowded audiences continue to witness its nightly production, and it promises to enjoy quite an extended run. In the Olio, Hogan and Hughes' double song and dance and cloggists continue in favor with the public.

THE EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF A NEW YORK POLICEMAN is the subject of a local drama written by John F. Poole, to be produced at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening, in which Tony Pastor appears as Joe Buskin, with new songs. The gymnasium scene, from the drama of "Jack Kidd," will be introduced, with Sam Collyer in his original character, in which he will appear in a friendly set-to with the gloves.

FRANK RIVERS & Co., the dramatic agents of No. 17 West Houston street, this city, publish their usual series of proclamations in this week's CLIPPER, by which it will be seen that they are the agents for Geo. M. Kelly, champion leaper; Nelson Brothers, acrobats; Wm. Armstrong, equestrian; and Mlle. Jeannette Armstrong, grand principal and trick rider. For additional particulars read their advertisements.

THE THEATRICAL SCENERY and fixtures of No. 600 Broadway are advertised for sale in this week's CLIPPER.

THE COSMOPOLITAN AGENCY, over which Messrs. Thompson & Riggs preside, is one among the several dramatic agencies in this city where managers can, at the shortest notice, secure talent, and performers be supplied with almost everything required in their business.

JAMES HARRISON sails for California on May 1st.

THERE is nothing new to write this week about the San Francisco Minstrels. A number of their most popular and attractive acts continue on the programme, including Backus' very clever imitations of some of the most popular actors and actresses of the day. David Wambold has resumed his place in the quartet and sings a ballad in the olio, although suffering with a sore throat. Business is good with this company and the burlesque of "Under the Kerosene Lamp" affords sufficient fun to send the audience home in good humor.

LOWELL AND SIMMONDS have a number of advertisements in this week's CLIPPER relating to engagements for different artists, among whom are William Lingard, the English comic, at present the great attraction at the Theatre Comique in this city; Pfau, the "zampillaeorostationist," who has appeared at the New York Circus with success; Alice Kingsbury, professionally known as the "Elfin Star;" Prof. Hilton, ventriloquist, at present with Hooley's Minstrels in Brooklyn; and M. W. Leffingwell, burlesque and eccentric actor; all of whom can be secured for brief engagements through this firm.

ANNIE GIBBONS AND NELLIE HUNTLEY having leased the Eighth Avenue Opera House, and opened with a variety company on the 11th inst.

Dramatic.

ELIZA NEWTON, the charming young comedienne and vocalist, made her *debut* before a Newark, N. J., audience on the 6th inst., as Ella Mowbray, in "Rescued Love," and as Sir Rupert the Reckless, in the burlesque of the "Nymph of Larleyburg." Our correspondent says:—"The audience, though small in number, at times displayed an unusual amount of enthusiasm. Miss Newton is gifted with a most intelligent and expressive countenance and her voice is melodious and pleasing. Her impersonation of the above characters was excellent, winning the good will and hearty applause of all present. On the 7th 'Pet of the Petticoats,' and 'Nymph of Larleyburg' were produced. Miss Newton gave a fine impersonation of Paul, and received an *encore* for her singing. Mrs. Emma Skerrett made an excellent Miami, and looked the part exceedingly well. Miss F. Reeves, as Julia, was very good, and spoke her part with vim and vivacity. John Morton made an excellent Tobie. Mr. Mitchell was the Job and Mrs. Henri Mad. Brivura. The subordinate parts were sustained with much efficiency. On the 8th the comedy of the Governor's Wife was produced, with the 'Nymph of Larleyburg.' Miss Newton appeared as Letty Briggs to advantage. Miss Newton brought her engagement to a close on the 9th inst. when the pieces produced were 'Pet of the Petticoats,' and the comedy of 'A Bull in a China Shop.'.....Miss Fannie B. Price opens at the Opera House on the 13th inst., for one week, to be followed by F. S. Chanfrau for one week."

LOTTA continues to be the star at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., where she opened on March 30th, and played throughout the week to crowded houses, presenting "Pet of the Petticoats," "Nan," "Captain Charlotte" and "Andy Blake." J. Wesley Hill is again prostrated on a bed of sickness.

J. W. LANERGAN'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened at Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., April 6th, to a crowded house, in the "Honeymoon." A correspondent says:—"The company was cordially received. In April 7th 'Fanchon' was presented, in which Mrs. J. W. Lanergan appeared as Fanchon. This lady is a sprightly and vivacious actress, and a favorite in this city. J. W. Lanergan appeared as Landry Barbeau. On the 8th 'Fanchon' was repeated. 'Don Cæsar De Bazan,' 'Serious Family' and 'Still Waters Run Deep' fill out the week. The company goes thence to Muskegan, Mich., for three nights, Grand Rapids three nights, Jackson six nights and Detroit for one week."

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, Chicago, "Dora" and "We all have our Little Faults" constituted the bill for the past week.....At McVicker's Mr. and Mrs. Florence continued throughout the week, appearing in "Inshavogue."

STUART ROBSON has been re-engaged for next season at Selwyn's Boston Theatre.

MISS MARY MCWILLIAMS has so far recovered from her injuries received at Des Moines as to return to Chicago. Her daughter, Miss Kate Putnam, is also there unengaged, but will probably soon appear at Crosby's in a new spectacle.

THEATRICALS IN NEW ORLEANS have been on the wane for some time. Our correspondent, writing under date of April 5th, says:—"The Varieties closed on March 30th, with a complimentary benefit to W. R. Floyd; the house was well filled and the performance was very good.....The St. Charles closes to-night with 'Hidden Hand,' with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins in the principal parts. Ben Bar arrived in town last night.....At the Academy of Music on March 31st, a new drama, written by John E. Durivage, entitled 'Three Eras, 1860, 1868, 1876,' was produced. It is carefully written and embraces some good scenes. It was well put on the stage and kept the boards all the week. M'lle Amelia Carnaggia put in an appearance on March 30th. Mr. David Bidwell arrived in town on April 3d from his European trip.....At the Olympic the Mayling Sisters put in an appearance, and were well received. Bob Hart is underlined for an early appearance."

AT THE MOBILE THEATRE Mrs. and Miss Bradshaw took a joint benefit on March 30th, presenting the "Colleen Bawn" and the burlesque of "Richard the Three Times," with Mrs. Bradshaw as Sheelah Man, Miss Blanche as Ely O'Connor, Miss Kate Estelle as Mrs. Cregan, Oliver B. Doud as Danny Man, and C. Norris as Myles-na-Coppaleen. Our correspondent says:—"The best piece of acting was that of Mark Brooke as Miles-na-Coppaleen, who fairly outdid himself, with songs of 'Pat Maloy' and 'Cruiskeen Lawn.' Miss Jessie Duval (third appearance) as Anne Chute was rather tame, not knowing her part. After the curtain dropped the *beneficiaries* were called out and greeted with a shower of bouquets. Mrs. Bradshaw is an old school actress, always playing her parts to perfection, and is a great favorite here. Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, Jr., are at present engaged to play with the Histrionic Amateurs during the summer. Oliver B. Doud will be stage manager. On April 1st the theatre closed for the season with a benefit to J. Rutherford, treasurer."

EDWIN FORREST is playing an engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., the current week.

THERE IS QUITE a rivalry among managers in California, and correspondents, or rival agents, always give true statements of what is going on. Well, we are always desirous of placing the truth before our readers. Below, we present a communication from a writer in San Francisco, who takes exception to some statements made in recent correspondence published in the CLIPPER. We do this, that right may prevail, and justice be properly administered. If our correspondents err, we are always willing to give the complaining parties a hearing. Read the following:—

"SAN FRANCISCO, March 15th, 1868.—MR. WM. T. CLARKE, Editor NEW YORK CLIPPER.—I believe your valuable paper is for the express purpose of giving to the world theatrical news in its true light. Mr. Wheatleigh, and many of his friends who look to it for theatrical information as *the* great theatrical medium, are surprised to see the truth misrepresented. When Mr. Wheatleigh arrived in California, Mr. Dan Bryant was just finishing off his engagement, and theatricals were not very brilliant just then. Mr. Maguire, of Maguire's Opera House, was very anxious to secure Mr. Wheatleigh, knowing that he had brought some novelties with him. He preferred going to the Metropolitan, as it is the largest and finest theatre in San Francisco, and there was some little unpleasant feeling between him and Mr. Maguire. So he opened on Saturday, the 24th of November, in 'Under the Gaslight,' to an *immense* house; the business improved each night, and it was played for four weeks, he taking as his share seven thousand dollars. In the meantime, Maguire's business was so bad that the theatre *closed for repairs*, reopened with Miss Fanny Young, who drew *one* house, and then proved a *dead* failure. Then after her came the Miss Webbs. They drew a few good houses, but were, in a measure, a failure, as Mr. W. was too strong an opposition for them. Then, after the 'Gaslight,' Mr. Wheatleigh produced the 'Flying Scud,' and it was voted by the press and public themselves a failure. It opened to an $800 house when it was *pouring down rain*, and the Webbs had about $150, and played for nine nights to very good houses. Well, Mr. W. made $1,300 or $1,400 by it, and I assure you it is something remarkable for a piece to ran here over two or three nights; a week is considered great. Mr. Wheatleigh played here eleven weeks and one night, and only played five pieces, the 'Gaslight,' 'Scud,' 'Sam,' 'Arrah na Pogue' and 'Lottery of Life,' and for his benefit—which was immense—he did 'The Bull in a China Shop.' You can imagine the success of his engagement and his pieces when I tell you he took fifteen thousand and sixty-five dollars, in gold, in those eleven weeks. It was one of the finest engagements ever played here. Your correspondent should give Mr. W. a little credit. Mr. W. went to Maguire's theatre in Sacramento, and did well. I presume that fact is recorded. Mr. Barrett has been doing very well indeed, and is very much liked. Miss Melville, I am sorry to say, has not been a success at the Metropolitan. They brought out 'The Grande Duchesse,' and it was done very well indeed, but it has failed to draw. It is almost impossible for the two theatres to do well at one time, and now 'Rosedale' is all the go. Another thing I see your correspondent writes you, and that is that Mr. Maguire has all the country theatres; that is not the truth, as the only one is the Sacramento theatre, and it takes a lot of money to keep that open, as it never pays, and now there is another theatre there, just finished, and was opened last Thursday night by Mr. Couldock and daughter. So, the other one, Maguire's, has to close up, and the company go to Stockton with the Webbs. The other theatres, Marysville, Stockton, Grass Valley and Nevada, can be had by anybody who chooses to pay a rent of $40 or $50 a night. But I do assure you that the towns of California do not pay to visit them. There's only one place in California, and that is *San Francisco*. Mr. W made clear a thousand dollars in three weeks in Sacramento, and that was considered immense. Nobody had played to such business in a long time. He has now gone over the mountains to Virginia City, the great mining town of Nevada, and as he has never been there he may do something. I am occasionally going to drop you a few lines, and give you a true account as to the success of the stars here, knowing that your valuable paper would much rather publish truth than falsehoods."

LEO HUDSON is the present star attraction at the Old Pittsburgh Theatre, opening there on the 13th for two weeks.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY under the management of Frank Mayo closed a five nights' stay in Auburn, N. Y., on the 9th inst. During their stay they produced the "Streets of New York," "Cadet La Pearle" and "Still Waters Run Deep," with Mr. Mayo in the leading roles.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S DRAMATIC FORCES played in Salem, Mass., five nights the past week, and finished the week at Taunton, Mass. This week the company visit Gloucester, Lawrence and Nashua for two nights each, and open in Manchester, N. H., on the 20th, for one week.

B. F. DUGAN'S TROUPE terminated their stay in Circleville, Ohio, on the 4th inst. Florence Webster's benefit took place on the 3d, when the "Lady of Lyons" was produced. Keene and Nunan took their benefit on the closing night and produced "Nick of the Woods" and "Robert Macaire." The company opened in Chillicothe, Ohio, on the 6th, for one week.

EDWIN ADAMS commences an engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 27th inst. Until then he is taking a rest at his country home on Long Branch.

W. A. CHAPMAN resumes the stage management of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, next season. Mr. J. R. Roberts, the present manager, retires, and takes a traveling dramatic company out for a brief tour.

KATE RAYMOND opens at the Varieties Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 13th in

death to be applied to the foundation of an asylum for indigent printers. It is now stated that none of this property has been so transferred, and statements are made to the effect that neither the money he was known to have possessed nor any assets have come to light. It is therefore time some one spoke upon the matter. What has become of his English executors? At the time of his death the Savage Club of London, of which he was a member, appeared to be deeply interested in his affairs.

MARSHALL AND DOYLE'S MIKADO JAPS were at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., the past week.

THE ALLEGHANIANS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS chimed their bells at Pike's new hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 10th and 11th inst.

A GIANTESS, six feet two inches high, weighing 828 pounds, and only twenty-three years of age, is on exhibition in Cheyenne, Dakotah.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILY were at St. Louis, Mo., on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th inst.

THE PISCATAQUA HOUSE, of Portsmouth, N. H., is evidently a favorite head-quarters for minstrel and other troupes, as is made manifest by the following card from the M. B. B. Minstrels:—"SPECIAL NOTICE TO SHOWMEN.—The traveling public will find the Piscataqua House, under the supervision of mine host Avery, one of the best appointed and most comfortable hotels in this country. Try it, and learn the truth of the above. C. MASON, Agent M. B. B. Minstrels."

SNOW PEOPLE, who have an eye to business, invariably patronize the bill posting fraternity. Those who bring Dayton, O., within their route, should not forget that W. Shuey is the man.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE at Logansport, Ind., is claimed to be one of the most elegant and best fitted up places of the kind in the West, and as it has a large seating capacity, with all the necessary appointments for first-class performances, and well located among a large population, we do not doubt that it is a desirable place for managers to secure. Those intending to travel that way should read the card referring to the Opera House in our advertising columns.

ALF BURNETT, the popular elocutionist and delineator of numerous characters, who has been drawing very large audiences in Philadelphia and vicinity for the past eight weeks, commences at Metzerot Hall, Washington City, on the 13th, for six evening performances and one *matinee*. Mr. Burnett is assisted by Miss Helen Nash.

MRS. CORNELIA D. MITCHELL gave an entertainment at Odd Fellows Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 9th inst. Recitations and readings from popular authors were given, and vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. Lizzie Pope and Miss Jennie Pugh, were appropriately interspersed.

HANDEL'S GRAND ORATORIO of the "Messiah" is announced to be given by the Philharmonic Society at Carroll Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 14th inst. The solos are to be sung by Mrs. Sophie Mozart, Mrs. J. P. Caulfield, Mr. Geo. Simpson and Mr. F. S. Chase. Dr. J. P. Caulfield, conductor, and Mr. V. W. Caulfield, pianist.

NEW SCENERY is offered for sale cheap by John F. Libby in our advertising columns.

SAUL SERTERW, the song writist and stump speech architect, publishes cards in this week's CLIPPER, calling attention to his specialties, which parties in the profession who wish to increase their *repertoire* should read, learn and inwardly digest.

THE PILGRIM, a valuable exhibition, with handsome paintings, being altogether an attractive spectacle, is offered for sale in another column by J. W. Bain.

BRIGNOLI'S Swiss BELL RINGERS were in Reading, Pa., on the 10th and 11th inst. W. Morton is business agent.

THE ARTEMUS WARD MONUMENT.—The National Typographical Union, at its last session, passed a resolution that the printers of this country should set one thousand ems each, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the erection of a monument to the memory of this illustrious humorist. The 6th of last March was the first anniversary of the death of Artemus Ward, and the money thus subscribed is now in the hands of the treasurers of the subordinate Unions in their various localities, by whom it will be forwarded to the officers of the National Typographical Union, which body meets in Washington on the first of June. The printers of New York city, being desirous that their contribution should excel that of any other in the country, have invited Dr. R. H. Gilbert (a personal friend of Artemus Ward) to deliver a lecture on the Life, Characteristics and Humorous Sayings of Artemus Ward, and, having consented, he is to deliver it in Dodworth Hall, this city, this (Monday) evening, April 13th, the net proceeds of which will go to the monument fund.

LOGRENIA, with his trained birds and mice, was in Cleveland, Ohio, the past week.

ALF BURNETT, the humorist, holds forth all this week in Washington, D. C.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL CONCERT TROUPE are making their second tour through Ohio.

AT DAYTON, O., they have a city bill poster whose name is William Wolf, and who is the claimant of all the bill boards eligibly located. Read his advertisement for his address, etc.

JOHN F. LIBBY, scenic artist, etc., publishes his card and address in the advertising columns of the CLIPPER.

PERFORMERS GENERALLY, who wish to procure comic songs, Ethiopian dramas, and other publications of a like character, should not forget that Charles H. Day, of New Haven, Ct., is a publisher of the same.

BRIGNOLI AND LA GRANGE concertize on the 15th under the management of Gilmer of Boston, at Taunton, MASS.

HARRY BALL, magician, re-appeared at Southport, Conn., on April 13th.

MONSTER GORILLAS are advertised for sale in the CLIPPER. Who wants 'em? Those who do should make immediate application.

A BALLADIST and comic vocalist advertises in this week's CLIPPER for an engagement.

SLIPPERS AND PUMPS, as well as other coverings for the feet, adapted to the ball room, opera boards, circus arena, &c., are manufactured by H. C. Tripple, of the Quaker City. Read his advertisement for precise address, &c.

PROF. HACKMAYER is announced for five entertainments at Harrisburg, Pa., commencing on the 13th inst.

SAFF HIMAN, under the management of Mr. Joseph Lawrence, is visiting the principal towns in western Pennsylvania, with Tom Brown as advance agent.

THE BREMAN SWISS BELL RINGERS are announced for two entertainments at Easton, Pa., on the 14th and 15th inst.

DICKSON AND COTTON are bill posters and distributors at Norfolk, Va.

PROF. NICHOLS, glass blower, wants an engagement. See advertisement.

AN AGENT can be engaged by addressing as per advertisement.

A STEAM JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT has been started at Harrisburg, Pa., by H. H. Sieg, who is ready to receive orders from showmen, and promises to give satisfaction to all, as well as information in regard to halls, &c. See advertisement.

THE FAKIR OF VISHNU was advertised to appear in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 13th inst.

ROBERT DE WITT, who is at present publishing cheap fifteen cent editions of the latest London plays, has just issued "Daddy Gray," a serio comic drama in three acts by Andrew Halliday, and the four act romantic drama of "Ruy Blas," from the French of Victor Hugo.

W. FRANCIS MASON, magician, was at Towanda, Pa., on the 11th inst.

JAMES THACKERAY is a prominent bill poster of Pittsburgh, Pa. See advertisement.

BLIND TOM, the pianist, appears at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., on the 13th inst.

MR. A. P. FICK'S annual concert took place at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 8th.

MISS JENNY BUSK, *prima donna*, will appear in her native city —Baltimore—on the 16th inst. at Concordia Opera House.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHERIAN D. A., of Philadelphia, gave a performance consisting of "All That Glitters Is Not Gold" and feats in legerdemain by Mr. Perry, on the 9th inst. Jasper Plum was played by Mr. T. Collins in an excellent manner; Mr. Coates' Sir Arthur was carefully rendered; Mr. Thomas as Stephen was very good; Mr. G. L. Barclay as Toby Twinkle played in a grotesque and truly comical style; Mr. Howard as Frederick, Mr. McNeil as Harris, Miss Graham as Valeria and Miss Hamilton as Lady Leatherbridge did exceedingly well. Miss Baker was not suited to the part of Martha Gibbs. Mr. Perry cleverly performed some tricks in legerdemain. The Monitor B. B. Club takes a benefit at this hall on the 16th inst.

THE WHEATLEY D. A. performed "There's Many a Slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lip" and "Used Up" on the 8th inst, at Philadelphia. The performance was an excellent one throughout.

THE WASHINGTON DRAMATIC AMATEURS, of Washington, D. C., gave a performance on the 10th inst., at Wall's Opera House, of "Meg's Diversion" and the "Irish Emigrant."

THE FORRESTONIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Martinsville, Ind., gave a performance of "Oliver Twist," "Marble Heart" and "Foodles" on the 2d inst.

Foreign Show News.

PONY MOORE'S BENEFIT, which took place at Christy's Minstrel Hall, London, Eng., on March 25th, was a success. Towards the end of the first part of the evening's entertainment Mr. F. Burgess, the manager, came forward, and, amid hearty applause from all parts of the house, in the name of the Minstrels presented Mr. Moore with a silver tea and coffee service of elegant design and splendid workmanship, engraved upon which was the following:—"Presented to Mr. George Washington Moore by a few friends, as a token of their appreciation of his talents as an artist, and respect for his private worth."

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.—At the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, the pantomime of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" having had a successful campaign, was withdrawn on Jan. 18th, when James Anderson made his *debut* as Rolla, in "Pizarro," supported by Miss Cleveland, Mad. St. Denis, Messrs. Vincent, Lambert and Stewart. The house was densely crowded, there not being standing room. A correspondent says:—"The applause which greeted him on his appearance on the stage was of the most unbounded description. This was in a degree to be accounted for by the gross strictures that a certain portion of the Melbourne press had unjustly published against him, and a determination upon the part of his audience to teach the press that they would not tolerate the vile practice of writing up one actor and writing down the other, and thereby endeavoring to make it impossible for two stars to shine in the same hemisphere at one time. The same thing was done when Mr. Barry Sullivan and Mr. Jefferson were performing here to rival houses. The 'Stranger,' 'Katherine and Petruchio,' 'Richard the Third,' 'Macbeth,' 'Lady of Lyons,' 'Virginius,' 'The Scottish Chiefs,' 'Much Ado About Nothing' and 'Hagman' have been produced."..... The Haymarket Theatre closed its dramatic season on Jan. 4th. On the 6th, an Italian Opera Company made their *debut* under the management of W. Lyster, with Fred. Lyster as musical director. A combination took place between Mr. Lyster's late opera company and the present on the 20th, when the opera of "Lucrezia Borgia" was given, Lucy Escott being the Lucrezia, and Mr. Squires the Gennaro, Sig. Pietro de Antonio taking the part of the duke. The operas of "Norma," "La Traviata," "La Figlia del Reggimento," "Maritana" and "Un Ballo in Maschera" have been presented. The season has not been a successful one..... At the Princess' Theatre, Lenton and Smith's "Dragon Troupe of Japs" have appeared with success. In consequence of prior engagements, the troupe had to leave to fulfil an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Ballarat, when, after a tour through some of the principal towns, they will return to the scene of their former triumphs. In the list of Feb. this theatre was again opened by a number of actors and actresses, who have formed themselves into a partnership for a term of three months. Mr. Charles Young has become the lessee and Mr. W. B. Gill the acting manager. The company includes nearly all the whole of the old Haymarket. The pieces produced were "Nobody's Child" and "The Pasha of Pimlico," which were well received. A popular burlesque is in active preparation..... The Lehman troupe and Prof. Hohler, wizard, have appeared at the Varieties Theatre.

EMMA FITZPATRICK, a once popular London actress, died in that city March 25th, after a long and painful illness. She commenced her theatrical career under the management of Madame Vestris. It is about five years since she last appeared on the stage.

HOWARDS PAUL left London for Rome on March 30th. During the absence Mrs. Howard Paul will play in the "Grand Duchess," commencing on the 13th inst., at Birmingham.

LOUISA PYNE, with an opera troupe, was at Cheltenham, Eng., during the week ending March 28th.

CHARLES DILLON, assisted by C. W. Barry—said to be an American actor—commenced a two nights' engagement in Portsmouth, Eng., on March 23d, in "Othello," with Sallie Booth as Desdemona.

CLARA DILLON, daughter of the English tragedian, appeared at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, Eng., on March 16th.

T. H. GLENNY, who played Shaun in "Arrah Na Pogue" in this city, opened a six nights' engagement in South Shields on March 24th, in "Lost in London."

THE LONDON THEATRES.—At the Princess' Theatre, Boucicault produced an adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's novel of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," originally produced in New York under the title of "Jeanie Deans." When Boucicault opened Astley's Theatre he brought out this same drama under the title of the "Trial of Effie Deans." As revived at the Princess' the trial scene of the second act remains as impressive as ever. Mrs. Boucicault appears as Jeanie Deans, Mr. Boucicault as Counsel for the Defence, Miss Litton (a new face to London theatre-goers) as Effie, Emma Barnett as Madge, G. F. Neville as Geordie, and Mr. Lesson as the Laird..... Of all the pantomimes produced in London that of "Rik-Rak," at the Grafton, has attained the largest run..... The Britannia has produced a new drama in two acts, entitled "He Would be a Sailor; or, Bounders Aboard," with J. B. Howe in the leading *role*..... The "Tempest of the Heart" is a new three act drama produced at the East London Theatre..... Italian Opera by Mr. Mapleson's company commenced at Drury Lane Theatre on March 30th..... A season of Italian Opera was to open at Covent Garden on March 31st..... The burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan" was produced for the four hundredth and last time at the Royalty Theatre on March 20th.

ENGLAND BEING YANKEEIZED.—Dion Boucicault is about to build a new theatre in London in the American style, with a fine frontage, large lobbies, and no upper gallery. It is said that Mr. Edmund Yates, the novelist, will lease this theatre. The edifice will cost about £15,000 and the freehold about £20,000 Other new theatres are in contemplation, and among them is one to be managed by Miss Laura Keene, it is said.

HAENER ON A PIANER.—A young American, whose name is J. E. Haner, has performed on the piano with success before a critical audience in Paris, we understand.

GEORGE COPPIN, the Australian manager, took a farewell benefit on Jan. 31st at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Sydney.

PROF. RISLEY'S "Japs," the first that visited the United States, having previously been prevented from appearing in London, Eng., by the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre, were announced to open at the Lyceum Theatre on the 13th inst.

ASTLEY'S THEATRE, London, is to be sold at public auction early in May.

HARRY SULLIVAN was seized with sudden and serious illness on March 27th in London, and the physicians pronounced it inflammation of the lungs, and asthma.

THE BENI-ZOUG-ZOUG ARABS are performing in England.

KATE BATEMAN terminated a two weeks' engagement in Glasgow, March 20th. "Macbeth" and the two last acts of "Leah" were given on the closing night.

LOTTA FOSTER, a characteristic vocalist only sixteen years of age, was married in London, Eng., on March 23d, to Captain William Edwin Brent, of New York. The couple sailed for this city on March 25th.

JOHN GILES, a comic singer in the London Music Halls, died in that city on March 25th.

A DANSEUSE was fatally injured at Day's Concert Hall, Birmingham, Eng., on March 20th, we learn, the following being the particulars:—"The performance concluded with a *ballet* divertissement, and in one of the scenes representing the 'Home of the Fairies,' a number of dancers are arranged round the stage while the principal performs a *pas seul*. One of the dancers accidentally touched a lamp with her wand, and the wick falling upon the dress of another of the dancers named Fanny Smith, she was immediately enveloped in flames. She rushed on and off the stage, but none of the officials rendered any assistance. A man jumped from the side gallery on to the stage, and, putting off his coat, enveloped the sufferer with it, and extinguished the flames. Every particle of clothing was burnt off her. The proprietor had pieces of baize in water at the wings in order to be used in case of accident, but the men whose duty it was to look after these matters were either absent or neglected their duties. The poor girl died.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
LESSEE AND MANAGER.....WM. WHEATLEY
EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1868.
Every Night and Saturday Afternoon. New Attractions! Entire Change! Twelfth week of the Grand Spectacle,
THE WHITE FAWN,
in which will appear Jarrett & Palmer's celebrated
PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE.
Dances, Songs, Music and Marches all new. First night of the FARRAGUT MAZELOT. MARIE BONFANTI AS A SAILOR BOY. First appearance of the Enfante Premiere, ten years of age, FRAULEIN SCHLAEGER. First appearance of the eminent Musical Conductor and Composer, Howard Glover, from Drury Lane, London. Grand Representation of the great Military Ballet, introducing Premieres and fifty Ladies in full Regimentals. First night of the Dwarfs and the Giants, a Pantomimic Action, by fifty little children. First night of a Comic Ballet, the Loves of Martha and Lionel. First time this season of Augusta Sohlker's famous Hungarian Polka. For the first time, a new Pas Comique, entitled Jealousy. First night of Neptune's Daughter at the Bath, a Tableau of Real Water and Glittering effect.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
SIXTH WEEK.
JAMES E. HAYES.....Lessee
G. L. FOX.....Stage Manager
C. W. TAYLEURE.....Business Manager
EASTER FESTIVALS.
G. L. FOX'S SPECTACULAR BALLET PANTOMIME.
BALLET. { HUMPTY DUMPTY- } SPECTACLE.
PANTOMIME. { } BURLESQUE.
GEORGE L. FOX.....as.....CLOWN.
The funniest pantomime, the best ballet, the brightest spectacle ever exhibited in New York. Crowded audiences. Throngs turned away. Uproarious fun. Delightful singing. Glorious comic tricks. Splendid transformations. Startling illusions and matchless scenery. MLLES. RITA SANGALI, BETTY RIGL, MONS. BAPTISTAN, LA PETITE RAVEL.
First appearance of the Champion Skater,
E. T. GOODRICH.
MATINEES, 1½, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
Admission, 75c.; Family Circle, 50.; Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1.50. To Matinees, Balcony Chairs, $1; Children, 50cts.

WORRELL SISTERS' N. YORK THEATRE.
Nos. 728 and 730 Broadway. Admission, 50 cents.
GRAND RE-OPENING ON EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 13,
An adaptation from LA BELLE HELENE, by Molineux
St. John, Esq., entitled
PARIS AND HELEN;
OR,
THE GRECIAN ELOPEMENT,
in which the fascinating
WORRELL SISTERS, SOPHIE, IRENE AND JENNY
will make their reappearance, after an absence of three months, as Helen, Paris and Oenone, supported by a full
BURLESQUE COMPANY AND A BRILLIANT CHORUS,
selected from the Italian and French Operas.
The theatre has been entirely reconstructed—four new private boxes, stage widened, repapered, repainted, upholstered, carpeted, &c., making it one of the most comfortable places of amusement in the city.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 2 O'CLOCK.
Box Book now open, from 8 till 6.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.
Fourteenth Street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT.....Director.
MATINEES AT 2½.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE SEASON!
LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE SEASON!
A SUPERB BILL
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[From the Cincinnati Enquirer—Editorial—January 14.]

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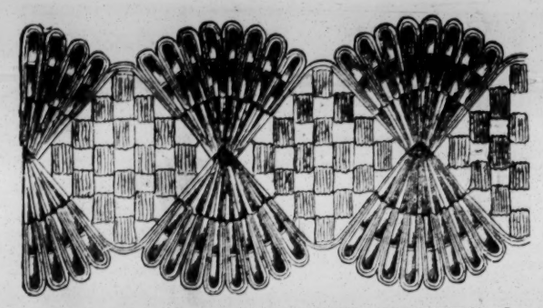

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For sale—One MONITOR WAGON and VIEWS; one cage of THREE PERFORMING BEARS; one TRAINED BUFFALO; one WILD CAT and cage; one CAGE BODY. Also, one WAGON, well adapted for side-show men. Inquire or address MIKE HALL, Hod House,
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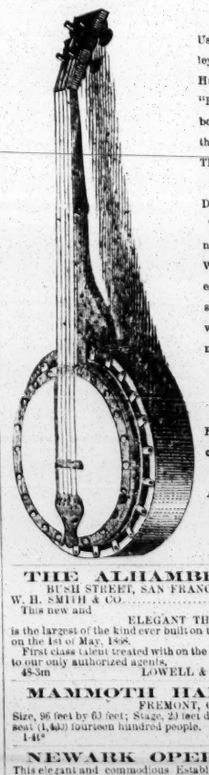

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